WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

LAURENCE OLIVIER portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

IN THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—a pictorial essay

Language of the Dance • How to Enjoy Opera

JULY 1956

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WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVER — This closeup portrait of Sir Laurence Olivier was photographed by Karsh of Ottawa. The vast audience of Olivier may find this natural study unusual, accustomed as they have become to his appearance in makeup for the various roles of Shakespeare's plays.

, NO. 7 EXECUTIVE, EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES — 8800 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA JULY 1956

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LETTERS FROM READERS

WISDOM magazine should have a particularly inspiring appeal for readers who prefer a little literature with their reading. Not only does it ask the right questions about some of the persistent and perennial problems in "the human situation," but it frequently suggests the right answers, in terms of wisdom winged with wit.

My favorite feature is the monthly selection of aphoristic wisdom — in terms of "short sentences based on long experience."

I have the feeling that WISDOM will stir up some active and healthy insurrections, even in the minds of the complacent. Anything like that is all to the good, since it raises what I call the "C.Q." of our time — the "Civilization Quotient."

Your layouts are pictorially alluring, and your editorial taste and judgment excellent — covering the whole philosophical spectrum from Spinoza to Schweitzer.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER
Simon & Schuster, Publishers
New York, N. Y.

It is a recognized fact that the cultural level of our reading tastes, based on what is available at the corner newsstand, has reached an all-time low. It is no wonder, then, that there is basis for the claim that the harmful influence of such literary trash, found in crime comics and "key-hole" scandal magazines, slanted for impressionable adolescent consumption, is a contributing cause of juvenile delinquency.

With the advent of WISDOM, there should be cause for rejoicing, not only because it promises much for adult edification, but also for its assurance of cultural nourishment of our youth.

J. JEROME KAPLON, Commissioner
Juvenile Delinquency
Study Commission
State of New Jersey

The birth of WISDOM is the biggest and best thing that has ever happened to the magazine world.

LORNA NORMAN
Milwaukee, Wis.

We must learn to live as close as we can to wisdom. That is the broad avenue to perfect happiness. Most of us know by experience that in proportion as we have searched for wisdom, we have found happiness. And we know by still larger experience that as we turn away from wisdom the world gets dark, and life ceases to be worth living.

PROF. LYLE C. SLOAN
Newport, R. I.

The wonderful idea that lies behind WISDOM has intrigued me from the start. The attractive format and thought-starting articles in WISDOM are a marvelous antidote for the growing volume of trivia that bombards each of us from daylight to dark. To stretch out in an easy chair with a copy of WISDOM brings the world in true perspective, and helps one to re-evaluate his thoughts and actions. Very best wishes for continued success in this endeavor. It is much needed.

SCOTT ROBERTSON
Robertson, Buckley & Gotsch, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

In man's great quest for knowledge, nothing has ever approached the immensity of WISDOM. To me, WISDOM is not just a magazine in the ordinary sense, it is the whole record of our culture in every field of human thought. It is a vital part of my life, for it brings to my home the greatest minds of our civilization and invites me to participate in a continuing conversation across the ages. WISDOM is indispensable to the liberal education of a free man in this century. It can never be read enough. It benefits for a lifetime.

DR. LAWRENCE DIAMOND
New York, N. Y.

In this day and age, I'm not the only one to be amazed at discovering a magazine of such high quality. WISDOM'S contents will please a wide variety of educational-minded Americans.

PHIL LEAVITT
Hartford, Conn.

I have always believed that no two people's interests are alike; conversely, no two people's individual business alike . . . but WISDOM is knowledge, and knowledge is everyone's business! WISDOM magazine is a lucid example of a peoples common bondage. I have never read a magazine of its type, that has such rare quality and quantity in content.

ELAINE SOBEL
New York, N. Y.

It is a joy to present WISDOM to our friends as they visit us. It is always accepted wholeheartedly, and another subscription is assured!

BENJAMIN M. KAUFMAN
Beverly Hills, Calif.

WISDOM is a source of wealth we cannot afford to lose. Everyone can draw from it. Each reader can take from the magazine as much as his mind and heart will carry, just as everyone concerned in the editing and publishing of it has beautifully brought to the reader's attention a rich and rewarding experience in knowledge and understanding.

LOREN HALE
Boston, Mass.

I find every issue of WISDOM superb, unusual and memorable . . . the sort of magazine that comes once in a lifetime.

MAURICE GREENE
Chicago, Ill.

The publication of WISDOM magazine should be to the intelligent and thoughtful person the call of a trumpet. It is the news of a great event. It is the solution of a great perplexity. It is the assurance of a great triumph.

REV. THOMAS P. TERHUNE
Long Beach, Calif.

Many magazines and books published today are keeping alive our degenerates, our morons, our pathological types, and letting most of them breed. But WISDOM is killing off a large proportion of our ignorant people with human intelligence. Is it possible that your magazine is pioneering the production of a human stock of higher quality than our present human race?

DR. IRVING LANZ
Phoenix, Ariz.

WISDOM magazine is profoundly shaping the minds of men and women.

HARVE DREYFUSS
Wheeling, West Va.

The magazine may as yet be in its infancy, but WISDOM has already transformed my life . . . and is doubtless tranforming others.

BETTY GURVIS
Tacoma, Wash.

With WISDOM we have begun to glimpse the mysteries of the mind as well as the universe.

MRS. WILLIAM MILLARE
Cleveland, Ohio

I predict with confidence that WISDOM'S progress will be steady, continuous, certain and inspiring for many years to come. I have considerable reason to expect that the farther it goes the greater will be its longevity. With the publication and successful reception of WISDOM, the intellectual and moral progress of man seems assured.

HOUSTON J. LLOYD
New York, N. Y.

WISDOM has given my life true meaning and has helped me find the deeper human values of daily living.

IDA JEAN BOWERMAN
Rock Springs, Wyo.

I venture to predict that WISDOM will transform the lives of many men and women.

DANIEL H. PATRICK
Stamford, Conn.

Since becoming a WISDOM subscriber my brain has become a better instrument, my thinking more intensive and varied, and my happiness is richer and more lasting.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN
Racine, Wis.

All the other magazines published today are extremely tiny specs compared to the inconceivably vast universe of WISDOM.

ADRAIN WEBER
Ithaca, N. Y.

WISDOM magazine has brought our family unmeasured joy and inspiration. An opportunity has been given to intelligent readers by the Editors of WISDOM to prove ourselves worthy of WISDOM.

ELIZABETH MALLETTE
Pine Bluff, Ark.

I have recently received a gift subscription to WISDOM presented to me by a member of my congregation who is a librarian. She was personally impressed with the format and contents of the magazine and immediately thought of her minister. This is certainly a compliment to you and to your publication. I have read WISDOM with considerable interest and found it most stimulating and helpful in my own profession.

WILLIAM R. LAWS, JR., Minister
First Presbyterian Church
Columbus, Ind.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" . . . Our eternal thanks for bringing us WISDOM!

MRS. HELEN MORRISON
Sioux Falls, S. D.

WISDOM magazine is a stupendous task, admirably accomplished. This inspiring publication enables the reader to see the drama and adventure of human life steadily and to see it whole. Immediate tribute must be paid to the immense learning and research which has gone into the making of this great and noble publishing achievement.

DR. SYDNEY HOFFMAN
Boston, Mass.

WISDOM proves to us that we must have courage, for this is a hard and uncertain world, and unless we have the courage to face it and its realities — courage that is above fear — we may well break down when faced with knowledge of the possibilities that lie ahead.

DR. GEORGE J. SHEPARDSON
Seattle, Wash.

WISDOM is, without a doubt, the most important and significant magazine and book of education that America has yet developed. All people of intelligence should be concerned with the search for wisdom and the success of WISDOM.

MARTIN REEVES
San Francisco, Calif.

WISDOM shows us the way to think, and to think clearly and independently for ourselves.

ANNE ROWLAND
Miami, Fla.

To me reading WISDOM was like taking part in a miracle. I do not believe a single person reading WISDOM will be left unaffected by it. Were Henry David Thoreau alive today he would personally seek you out, each one of you on WISDOM'S staff, just to shake your hand, because, like him, you are expounders of Truth.

CORA MAE SECORD
Jefferson, Ore.

He had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf, and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas—and in his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock and met the night of death tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

The imagination had a stage in his brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From his brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding—sowing was harvest—and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in his brain.

He was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.

—R. G. Ingersoll on Shakespeare

ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL was a distinguished lawyer and lecturer. He was attorney general of Illinois in 1867, and in 1876 his speech in the Republican national convention, naming James G. Blaine for the presidential candidate, won him a national reputation as a public speaker. He strongly admired Shakespeare and considered him a great and honorable man as well as a fine playwright. Ingersoll was a good author in his own right and attracted large audiences by his eloquence. His lectures were widely read and his writings are still in circulation.

FREDERICK MAYER is one of the outstanding young philosophers in the United States. Author of eight books and over a hundred articles, he is a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands (Calif.). His feature this month gives an insight to William Shakespeare's philosophy.

JOHN GASSNER is a famous author, critic, lecturer and playwright and has lectured on dramatic art at Columbia University since 1945. "Playwright of Infinite Scope" is taken from his "Masters of the Drama" © 1940 by Random House, Inc. Many of Mr. Gassner's critical and historical studies of the theater have been translated into Spanish and Russian. He is the author of "Human Relations in the Theater," "A Treasury of the Theater: from Henrik Ibsen to Arthur Miller," and "Man and Materials of Modern Theater."

MARGARET WEBSTER is the daughter of Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster, noted English stage and screen actors. She was born in New York in 1905 and made her first stage appearance at the age of eight; her performance debut was in 1924. Miss Webster directed Maurice Evans in the Broadway success "Richard II," and followed this with "Henry IV," "Othello," and "The Tempest." "The Interpretation of Shakespeare Today" is from her book "Shakespeare Without Tears," © 1942 by McGraw-Hill Book Co. A renowned lecturer, Miss Webster is considered one of the foremost commentators on Shakespeare today. Her lecture and recital tours have brought her into close contact with college and community theaters from coast to coast. She has been awarded honorary degrees from four distinguished colleges.

EDWARD BOYKIN, as Director of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and of the National Capital Sesquicentennial Commission, has observed lawmakers at close range. Congressional history has been his study for 25 years. He has written two historical plays, "Lee of Virginia" and "Gentlemen Unafraid." His Lee play was presented in the famous Barter Theater at Abingdon, Virginia. "Gentlemen Unafraid," a musical about West Point in Civil War time, was written in collaboration with Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern. "A President on Trial" is from Mr. Boykin's book, "Congress and the Civil War," © 1955 by The McBride Co., Inc. His other books include "The Autobiography of George Washington," "The Wisdom of Thomas Jefferson" and "Living Letters from American History."

OSCAR WILDE was born in Dublin on Oct. 15, 1856. He attended Oxford and believed in "art for art's sake." As one of the most prominent personalities of his day, his paradoxes and witticisms were widely quoted. His "Picture of Dorian Gray" is said to epitomize the decadence in his period. Wilde's talent for comedy and wit is evident in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest." It was not until after his death in France in 1900 that his talent became generally recognized.

KATE TRAUMAN STEINITZ has been Librarian of the Elmer Belt Library of Vinciana in Los Angeles for 12 years. She studied art and art history in Europe, making a special study of the literature of art and the lives of the artists. "Artists in the Mirror" has been expressly written for WISDOM. Her articles are continuously published in art magazines and she compiled the "Catalogue of Leonardo da Vinci's Manuscripts and Their Editions in Facsimile" for the Elmer Belt Library. She is presently traveling in Europe under the auspices of International Educational Exchange Service of the U.S.A. Miss Steinitz' descriptive catalogue of Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting" will be forthcoming at the Copenhagen University Library Press (Denmark).

HERMAN ROVNER'S "The Happy Cynic" is an original article. Mr. Rovner was born in 1907 and studied at Temple University, where he majored in history. He writes: "At present I am a director and an officer of a small corporation, a circumstance that does not prevent me from still devoting many hours to my books and to my literary endeavors."

HAROLD W. DODDS is president of Princeton University. "The Importance of Being an Individual" was an address delivered to the class of 1955 at Princeton, and published in "Vital Speeches of the Day," Vol. XXI, No. 20, © 1955 by City News Publishing Co. He is the author of "Out of This Nettle . . . Danger," as well as numerous articles, surveys and reports in political science.

MILTON CROSS' "How to Enjoy Opera" is taken from "The New Milton Cross' Complete Stories of the Great Operas," © 1947, 1955 by Milton J. Cross, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Known as the "dean" of radio announcers, he has been an outstanding radio personality for many years. He says: "I don't know of any other field that would bring me as much pleasure as does announcing or one that would give me the opportunity to maintain an active interest in music." In 1942 Mr. Cross was presented with a scroll by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for his work in music. He is an accomplished author, as well as an authority in the field of opera.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, a Protestant minister who has authored many inspirational best-sellers, is also the Editor-in-Chief of *Guideposts* magazine. From "What Prayer Can Do," © 1953 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., we have selected "Conversation With God." Dr. Peale's best-known work is "The Power of Positive Thinking."

JOSE LIMON was born in Mexico in 1908 and is considered one of the foremost modern dance interpreters of our time. He originally came to New York to study painting and saw that the painters of this period were not creating but imitating the styles set by Picasso and Braque. After seeing several presentations of the dance he realized that this was an art form both expressive and imaginative. At 22 he became a student of Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman. He considered this a "late" age to begin the rigorous training necessary to become a good dancer. Later he formed his own company with Doris Humphrey as the artistic director and toured the U.S. and Canada. "Language of the Dance" is from his article, "On Dance," © 1953; from "7 Arts" edited by Fernando Puma, and published by Permabooks, Doubleday & Company, Inc. Mr. Limon is married to Pauline Lawrence, who designs the costumes for all his dance company productions.

DR. DAVID M. LEVY is a noted authority in every phase of mental hygiene. His activities in the fields of psychiatry, psychoanalysis and psychosomatics have been so comprehensive and his achievements so encyclopedic that his record stands almost unparalleled, as practitioner, educator, writer, lecturer, organizer and inspiring genius in psychiatric research. "The Hater" is from "Our Children Today" © 1952 by Viking Press. Dr. Levy is a consultant for the United States Public Health Service and is a member of the U.S. Committee for Care of European Children.

MARCUS AURELIUS, Roman emperor and philosopher, was born in Rome, 121 A.D. "Men and Ideas" is taken from his "Meditations" which supposedly were written in the midst of public business and on the eve of battles on which the fate of the empire depended. Marcus Aurelius was devoted to his duty and humanitarian in his concept of it. In all things he considered the welfare of his empire first, and his precepts are the records of his own way of life. He was, above all things, a practical moralist, and deeply loved by his subjects.

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Invitation

TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer

> *What a piece of work is Man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God!*
>
> —SHAKESPEARE *(Hamlet)*

There are two types of thinkers: those who see life objectively and who are guided by their intellect, and those who have an intuitive grasp of human existence and who write from the turmoil of their heart. Shakespeare belongs to the second class, for in his works we find a complete biography of man. Certainly, he was not a technical philosopher. He was not concerned with a formal definition of man, God and the universe; rather he was interested in the constantly changing panorama of human existence – with its glories and disasters, its joys and disenchantments.

Shakespeare was a product of the Renaissance, a lusty age which rebelled against the narrowness and restrictions of the Middle Ages. The keynote of this era was self-expression. This was a glorious period of exploration when man's mind was being liberated from the past and when new physical and spiritual frontiers were being uncovered.

Shakespeare was neither a pessimist nor an optimist. He knew the temptations of power as his *Julius Caesar* indicates. He was aware of the torments of conscience as his *Hamlet* demonstrates. He knew both the joy and agony of love as he showed in *Romeo and Juliet*. He saw life as a vast arena in which we are predestined to play certain roles and in which the fresh exuberance of youth contrasted with the tired cynicism of old age. He portrayed man not so much as a creature of reason as a being of desire, tormented by restless longings, tempted by jealousy, ambition and pride.

Still, the conclusions of Shakespeare are extremely encouraging. Man can rise above his environment, man has within himself a nobility which can overcome his baser passions. The very quality and fervor of his longings is an indication of his essential divinity.

Perhaps no writer in world history is as contemporary as Shakespeare. He teaches us to be unafraid of life, to look at it with an open perspective and a courageous heart. He reminds us that we should never be shocked, for even amidst an atmosphere of hatred, love can flourish, even amidst despair there is room for hope, even amidst hell there is the anticipation of heaven, even amidst death there is the seed of life.

Shakespeare speaks to us directly. His characters are timeless; his plays belong to all nations; his language defies the limitations of time. He was a master psychologist, for he knew the secrets of the human soul. The more we read him, the more we feel a sense of identity. External circumstances may change, but the needs and dilemmas of the human heart remain the same. Did not Pascal say that the heart has reasons that reason does not know?

We too are actors upon the stage of world history. We do not know whether our parts will be brief or long, important or insignificant. Still, we must play our roles with fervor and intensity so that those who come after us will realize that we lived not merely for ourselves but for humanity, and that we strove not only for the present but for the day after tomorrow. ♦

William Shakespeare

Playwright of Infinite Scope

by John Gassner

William Shakespeare's early years were spent in an atmosphere of comfort and prosperity while his father, a tanner, acquired position after position until he reached the high municipal offices of alderman and bailiff of Stratford-on-Avon. The lad received the usual elementary education and attended a grammar school where he acquired the "small Latin," if not "the less Greek," with which Ben Jonson later credited him. But there was to be no university career for him. About the time he was 13 his father's fortunes began to wane, and shortly thereafter the family was actually impoverished.

William left school and worked for his father, relieving the tedium of a workaday life with occasional prankishness. The young man appears to have been something of a wit, and he was probably acquainted with the rude performances of the strolling players who visited Stratford from time to time. It is clear that he was leading a scrambled kind of existence, and in his restlessness he appears to have run away from his father's tannery, which included a little old-fashioned butchering.

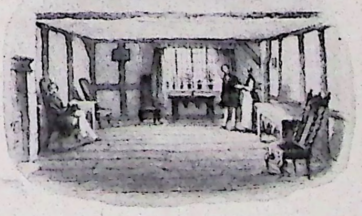
The blunderings and trials of a young man are even more apparent in the indiscretion that compels him to marry at the age of 18 and well it is that the marriage is hurried because the bride is already with child. Less than six months after the license is issued for the marriage on November 27, 1582 Shakespeare becomes a parent. Three years after the birth of this daughter Susanna, he is also the father of twins Hamnet (or Hamlet) and Judith. His wife, Anne Hathaway, is eight years his senior.

After 1584 there is no record of his staying with his wife or visiting her until his only son Hamnet dies at the age of 11 and is buried on August 11, 1596. Between 1584 and 1592 Shakespeare may have been teaching school in the country, though the record of these years is nebulous. But by 1592 he is certainly in London, already an actor, a play-doctor, and a playwright.

Plunged into the roaring caldron of London by unrecorded circumstances, he is by September, 1592, actively associated with the Lord Strange's company which became the Chamberlain's. His association with this successful group, which included the great tragic actor Richard Burbage and the accomplished comedian Will Kemp, probably began in 1591 when he wrote or adapted the second and third parts of *Henry VI*. Next year he is already sufficiently successful in his craft to excite the envy and wrath of the university man Robert Greene, who speaking not only for himself but for Marlowe and the other educated playwrights calls

Shakespeare as a boy

Neighborhood and house of his birth (center)



Room in which he was born

Guild Chapel and Grammar School which he attended

Church of the Holy Trinity

After appearing before Sir Thomas Lucy on charges of poaching deer on his estate, Shakespeare left Stratford. It is said he later took his revenge by satirizing him as the grasping Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

him an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that . . . supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country." Moreover, the young man, who a few years before was probably only an unknown hanger-on of the theaters, even if the report that he held horses at the playhouse door is apocryphal, already commands some measure of respect.

During the next two years Shakespeare continues his literary labors for several companies. He writes *Richard III*, which is a continuation of *Henry VI*, the revenge play of the Senecan-Kyd tradition *Titus Andronicus*, which he probably touched up rather than created, and his *Comedy of Errors*, a free adaptation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus and a tribute to the earlier humanist tradition of Italian comedy.

Even these early works disclose more progress than could be expected of a half-educated yokel under ordinary circumstances. But the circumstances were far from ordinary. Poets are born, if they are also made, and the Stratford lad appears to have had the most natural gift for verbal music and imagery ever entrusted to a human creature. His knowledge of the English landscape, of flowers and birds, could have been easily acquired during his peregrinations in the countryside. An understanding of the human heart and of human behavior must have come easily to an observant youth who shared his family's vicissitudes, had considerable business experience at an early age instead of being

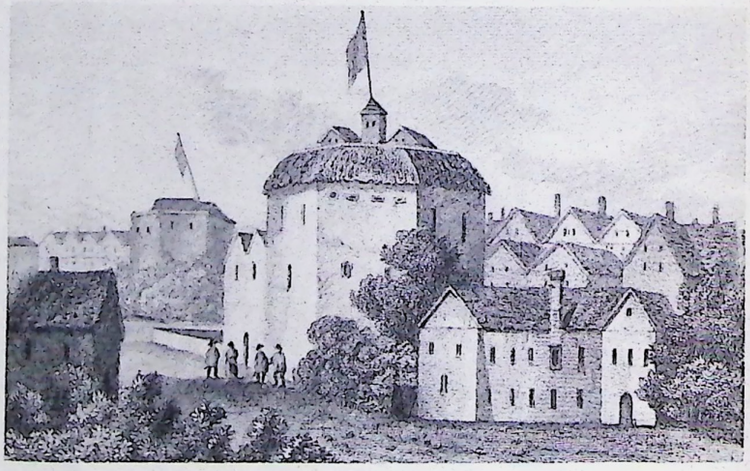
An early Elizabethan performance of "As You Like It"

cloistered in a university, and became a father at 18 and a roving man at 22. Then coming to metropolitan London he had found a new world opening before him.

He had experienced the life of a wealthy burgher during his childhood and the poverty of a commoner during his youth. He also had a link with the gentry through his mother and through the very life of a period during which the lower classes were achieving independence and men could make their way in the world. Mentally he belonged to both the middle class and the aristocracy at a time when the frontiers of both groups were decidedly elastic. Add to this the fact that in the demimonde of actors and bohemian writers he could also acquire some familiarity with the "proletarians" and the rogues of his day, and it is clear that Shakespeare soon commanded a very wide acquaintance indeed.

If his formal education was negligible, his age and his circumstances could make up the deficiency to a remarkable degree. The classics were becoming available in English through an increasing number of splendid translations like North's version of Plutarch's

The Elizabethans attended the public theaters with little reverence or consideration for the dramatist or the actors. If the audience became bored they took to dice or cards. There was much drinking of ale and widespread eating of fruits and sweets during the performance. The pit audience was so rowdy that no woman ever went to a public play unmasked. The Globe Theater (below) was described as "a wooden O," and had an open roof.



Lives, which appeared as early as 1579, and various renditions of Ovid, Seneca, Virgil, and other staples of a humanist education. Later, in 1598, he could also acquaint himself with Chapman's *Homer* and Florio's translation of Montaigne's provocative essays. A knowledge of foreign languages is a desideratum but not an indispensable condition for a creative talent. Moreover, much knowledge could be acquired from conversations with actors and bohemians, as well as from the numerous older plays which he read or adapted. Shakespeare became a child of humanist learning by adoption.

Material for a professional playwright was available everywhere. Shakespeare found it in numerous older plays, many of which

discovered, because everything is sensed by him with wonder, passion and singularity, Shakespeare seems a more comprehensive dramatist than anyone who has followed him. He assimilates the Elizabethan Renaissance as if by osmosis. This does not make him a social or philosophical thinker, but it does make him a playwright of almost infinite scope.

Hardly less striking is the personality of the man who levies this tribute upon the rich resources of this age. His poetic gift is obviously developed under the influence of an age in which lyric and blank verse are increasingly perfected even before he is ready to contribute to their progress. His unparalleled mastery of language is achieved in a period when words have not yet become hardened and stamped like a coin but are still plastic, and when sentences are still comparatively free from schoolmaster's grammar. Still, Shakespeare's uncanny gift for cadences and for a pregnant vocabulary is also an essentially personal endowment. If, with respect to his poetic and verbal gifts, he does not differ from other Elizabethan masters in kind, he differs from them in degree — and the secret of human superiority is, after all, a matter of degree.

Thomas Mann has remarked in one of his essays that the greatest genius always contains an element of the commonplace and is the better for possessing it. This residue of earth serves as a link between a man's genius and common reality; between extraordinary humanity, which can only too easily lose itself in the clouds, and the ordinary humanity which is the basic material of creative effort. This point is especially well illustrated by Shakespeare, who is a typical bourgeois in his pursuit of wealth and quest for a patent of gentility. Like Balzac, who lived in a similar period of commercial expansion, Shakespeare is constantly making financial investments. The same practicality makes him

Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was one of Shakespeare's patrons, and "Lucrece" was dedicated to him in appreciation for his support.

Shakespeare was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth. She had a liking for comedy, and it was at her command that Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

served as a basis for his own; in Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*, in other histories, and Plutarch's *Lives;* in English romantic tales like Sidney's *Arcadia* and Greene's *Rosalind;* and in the *novelle* or short stories of Italy so often exploited by the Elizabethans. Technique could likewise be easily acquired. Invaluable to a budding playwright was the experience of acting in plays, and Shakespeare was a recognized actor of his day even if he did not achieve eminence. Collaboration with other writers and revamping older works also provided invaluable training.

Intellectual content could be drawn from the very air of Elizabethan society by an intellect as keen as Shakespeare's. Problems of government; the triumphs and failures of historic characters; the divine right of kings, the right of rebellion, and the rights of individuals; religious questions, national aspirations, foreign politics, humanist philosophy, scientific inquiries and metaphysical speculations — these and other matters occupied every intelligent subject of Queen Bess.

When Shakespeare alludes to them or delves into them he is merely on common ground with numerous minor writers of his epoch. Shakespeare is singular only in his enormous faculty for assimilating the intellectual ferment of his times, in associating it convincingly and appropriately with living characters, and in fixing it in the matrix of his dramatic situations with a considerable effect of rightness and dramatic inevitability. And because these thoughts are captured with the intensity of something newly

the expert showman who knows all the stops of the audience on which he is playing and veers with the tide of fashion in the theater, turning to whatever kind of drama — comedy, history, tragedy, and romance or so-called tragi-comedy — is temporarily in demand. As an actor, playwright, and shareholder in his company he could not, indeed, remain above practical considerations. The effect of such eclecticism on his art cannot be overestimated; his work almost contains a whole world, captures numerous aspects of humanity, and projects reality to a greater extent than any other writer with the possible exception of the novelists Balzac and Tolstoy.

Even Shakespeare did not, of course, surmount all the limitations of his particular milieu in London. He did not capture all the phenomena presented by Renaissance Europe; no single individual could. The revolutionary promptings that produced the revolt of the Netherlands and the socialist uprising of the Anabaptists in Germany did not come within his horizon. The struggle for religious liberty in Europe affected him only slightly; if he does not appear to have been as intolerant toward Catholicism as many of his colleagues, still he enunciated no broad principle of religious tolerance, and toward the Puritans or Protestant Dissenters he maintained an attitude of unrelenting hostility.

Renaissance science found expression in some of his allusions, and in his attitude toward the after-life and divine justice. The dying Hamlet is only concerned about his posthumous reputation or "wounded name," which he entrusts to his friend Horatio — "the rest is silence." "A divinity shapes our ends;" on what principle we are not told. Gloster sees a malignant waywardness in the operation of the universe —

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

And there is no one in the tragedy to contradict him! If evil is often punished in Shakespeare's plays, the triumph of moral principle rights no wrong and heals no heart except in the comedies and romances in which life is not treated seriously. Moreover, the villain suffers defeat because he has sown the seeds of his own destruction rather than because a god has intervened. To this extent Shakespeare reflects the mundane outlook of the Renaissance. But Bacon's dream of perfecting scientific methods and using them to win control over nature does not find expression in Shakespeare's work. Nor is this generally modern playwright free from a lingering supernaturalism shared by most of his contemporaries, although he makes excellent use of his witches and ghosts.

In the realm of politics he is insular: even his Italian characters are Englishmen, England's weal or glory is his sole concern, and he is sometimes inclined to chauvinism. He also does not see beyond a benevolent autocracy, even if, contrary to the assumptions of certain scholars, he is not a hidebound reactionary indulging an illimitable contempt for the common people. He merely does not consider them a reliable agency of government: except in his Roman tragedies, where he is dealing with given material, he simply does not represent them as a major political force for either good or evil. In the matter of social justice, he is typically oblivious to the plight of the expropriated English peasantry when "enclosures" for sheep-grazing (for the growing wool industry) reduced a considerable portion of the population to the status of vagrants who were ultimately to comprise the wage-earning proletariat of modern capitalism. He is critical toward feudalism, setting down its failure in *Henry VI*, *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*, and toward irresponsible or incompetent monarchy as exemplified by a wavering King John and a blundering Richard II. But in this he is merely beating a dead dog, unless his criticism is to be construed positively as a glorification of the anti-feudal and responsible Elizabethan monarchy.

Shakespeare in his study at Stratford

His most positive reaction to the social scene is indeed this concern for stable government, associated with which is his interest in the welfare of the common people that depends upon such a regime. In tragedies of civil discord like *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, caused by usurpations and corruptions of royalty, it is the whole nation that suffers. That the stable monarchy he celebrates is an absolutist one does not trouble him greatly; his middle-class characters manage to thrive under it, as they actually did until the late years of Elizabeth when they began to feel the effects of monopolism. He notes the self-assertiveness and independence of this class in many plays and records their jollity. The cure for an irresponsible autocracy in his plays is rebellion, to which he opposes the divine rights of the ruler in question. (Without, however, denouncing those who violate it, provided of course they are of royal blood.)

It is in the general outlook and content of Shakespeare's work that one will find that summation of a great epoch and that broad relevance to humanity which, for want of a stricter word, men call "universality." The key to life is for Shakespeare, as it is for his age, the assertion of individuality. He creates highly individualized characters more abundantly than any other dramatist, and the conflicts in his plays are invariably produced by the exertions of the human will. Man struggles against man, and not against Fate, God, heredity or glands. Shakespearean drama is drama of the individual will.

That a theater of this nature is gloriously active and exciting,

that it can plumb many depths of the human personality, and that it is capable of great definiteness and clarity, is self-evident. And since man exists and exerts his will in every age, the supreme master of the "theater of the individual" is inevitably universal, even if his characters bear the stamp of their own times. Moreover, in a period when class differentiations are becoming flexible, Shakespeare gives his attention to representatives of nearly every level of society. The same hand that draws princes and nobles also delineates merchants, petty officials, common soldiers, rogues and vagabonds. The same individualization extends to both sexes and some of the greatest triumphs of his art are to be found in his women.

What is more, his characters frequently triumph even over their deficiencies. They wrest new intensities from their defeats whether these arise from bodily impediments, in the case of Richard III, or from external failure produced by their own error or evil. When Richard II, for example, is dethroned, he reveals new resources of strength in an intensified and dignified sensibility which invests this irresponsible weakling with nobility and fresh interest. Lear is never beaten down; he is never so impressively positive as when he is cast out by his daughters, and he is not only emotionally enhanced by his sufferings but intellectually enlarged, since he gains a fresh understanding of life. Othello reasserts his dignity after his long siege of fatuous jealousy when he stabs himself. Macbeth is never so great as when he rises from his sordid, blood-stained usurpation of the throne to a realization that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death" and goes out bravely to meet inevitable death on the battlefield. Richard III refuses to accept the limitations of his crippled body, compensating for it with a ruthless mind and an undaunted spirit which do not fail him even in his last hour. The characters have, in short, the right tragic stature.

Even his comic characters — low or high — possess an exalting self-assurance. Perhaps the greatest triumph of any character in the theater is Falstaff's. John Palmer has aptly called Shakespeare's tun-bellied knight "the most vital expression in literature of man's determination to triumph over the vile body." In his quick resource of wit and spirit we have "the image of all mankind as a creature of divine intelligence tied to a belly that has to be fed" — and lubricated.

Intellectual activity, enjoyed for its own sake, also supplements the struggle for self-assertion. One finds it in the brilliant verbal play assigned to all strata of society, in numerous allusions and reflections, and in the inquiries and doubts of a multitude of characters. Mercutio, Jaques, Lear, and Hamlet — princes, and fools — all are inquirers. Even Romeo, absorbed in his youthful passion, is not incapable of reflecting on the lot of a poor apothecary and on the curse of gold as he pays him for his drugs: "I sell thee poison; thou has sold me none." The passion for inquiry that dominates the modern world finds its epitome in the constant mental alertness of Shakespeare's characters.

Finally, the keystone of Shakespearean drama is its humanitarianism, which stands in such marked contrast to the will-to-power "Machiavellian" philosophy of the age which Marlowe glorified. Without beating the drum for a non-existent democracy or championing the disinherited Elizabethan peasantry and crying out against the outrages of the Queen's barbaric penal laws, Shakespeare is the greatest humanitarian who ever wrote for the theater. Such resolute reformers as Ibsen and Shaw cannot approach him in this respect. Shakespeare's ability to create infinitely human characters stems from a pervasive love of man which no degree of pessimism in his climactic period can obliterate. He is not such an invertebrate philanthropist as to spare the lash of satire, and he could strip the mask from corrupt humanity as ruthlessly as Jonathan Swift did later. Gloom overcomes him during the period when he composes *King Lear* and *Timon*. But he is not so Calvinistically upright as to condemn mankind in general or for long. After his dark tragedies, in which there are always such noble creatures as Kent and Cordelia, comes the sunlit procession of his romances. Of real grossness there is little or none in his plays; and, except possibly in *Timon* and *Troilus and Cressida*, he is never the cold cynic even when he takes the world apart.

Except in the early *Titus Andronicus*, he never condones wanton violence, wrong or injustice, and he is immune to that poetic intoxication with the magnificence of power which dominates most of Marlowe's work. His rulers and conquerors are but flesh, and all flesh, no matter how glorious, is ultimately inglorious grass. Those who live by the sword — his usurpers, tyrants and murderers — die by the sword. Shakespeare is as great a poet of *Hubris* or pride as Aeschylus. His analysis of crime-stained greatness is always a high point in his craftsmanship, and his favorite historical figure Henry V is a humane and democratic ruler who mingles with all classes.

The great tragic or historical characters all learn, in one degree or another, the vanity of power. The greatest of them, however, go even one long step further; they become oracles of humanitarian pity. Hamlet is painfully aware of

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

King Lear, standing in the great storm, takes heed of all the miseries that had eluded him when he ruled his kingdom —

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp:
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

No comparable cry had resounded in the theater since Euripides troubled the conscience of his Athenian public 2000 years before. And even the Attic humanitarian had not employed such a frontal assault on corruption in a dozen consecutive lines as Lear's second outcry, in the sixth scene of the fourth act, which begins with the prose assertion, "There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office" and concludes:

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Without succumbing to what Shaw has called "bardolatry," it cannot be denied that Shakespeare's accomplishments prove him to have been one of the truly great spirits of the world. To content oneself with a description of him as a consummate showman — which he indubitably was — is to be guilty of crass philistinism. The romantic critics, Coleridge and his followers, may have fallen into the opposite error of claiming every conceivable virtue for Shakespeare, but they were closer to a just appreciation of his greatness than the narrow constructionists who would judge him with the same yardstick they apply to a Molnar or a Noel Coward. In time the apotheosis of Shakespeare grew sickening, and the only way to escape nausea was to point to his feet of clay. But to forget that he was a great man expressing a great age, as well as, in Ben Jonson's memorable line, "not of an age but for all time," is to embrace the asinine in preference to the divine. ◆

The Life of Shakespeare on Film

Master Will Shakespeare, a film short produced in 1936, was based on biographical facts from the most authoritative sources in America and England. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cameramen were sent to Stratford-on-Avon only after the works and records of over 100 Elizabethan writers had been combed for information on the famous Will.

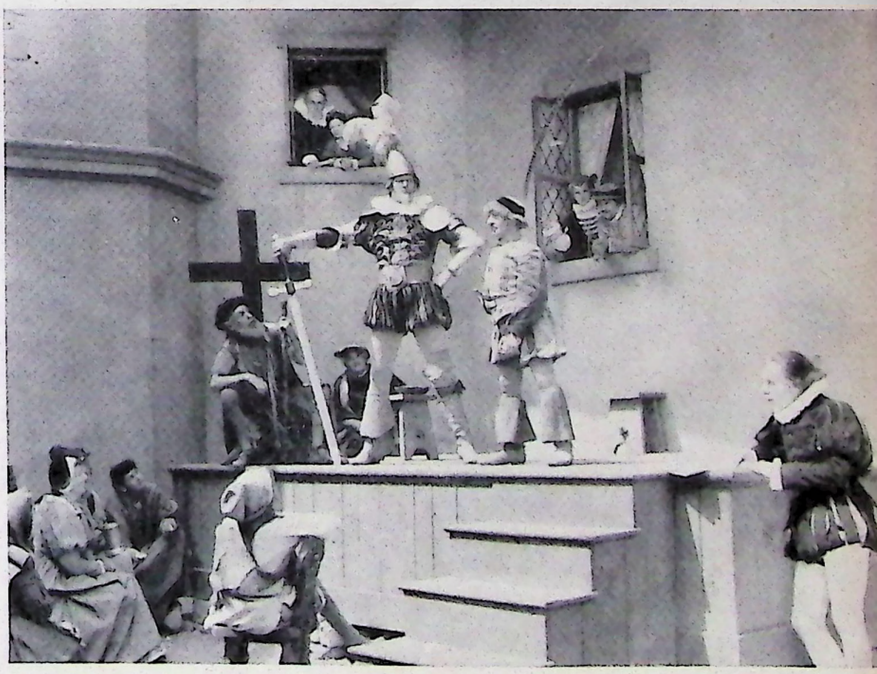
The Bard himself appears to have made no effort to leave any record of his life to posterity. He did not even trouble himself about the printing or the preservation of his works.

Costumes, sets, make-up and all physical appurtenances for the film were easily discernible because originals had been preserved or recorded by engravings.

Enroute to London from Stratford-on-Avon

With friends Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker

Reading before Queen Elizabeth



Directing one of his own plays

Scenes from Shakespeare's Plays

as seen through the painter's eye

TIMON OF ATHENS *(Act IV. Scene 3)*

by John Opie

ALCIBIADES:
Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

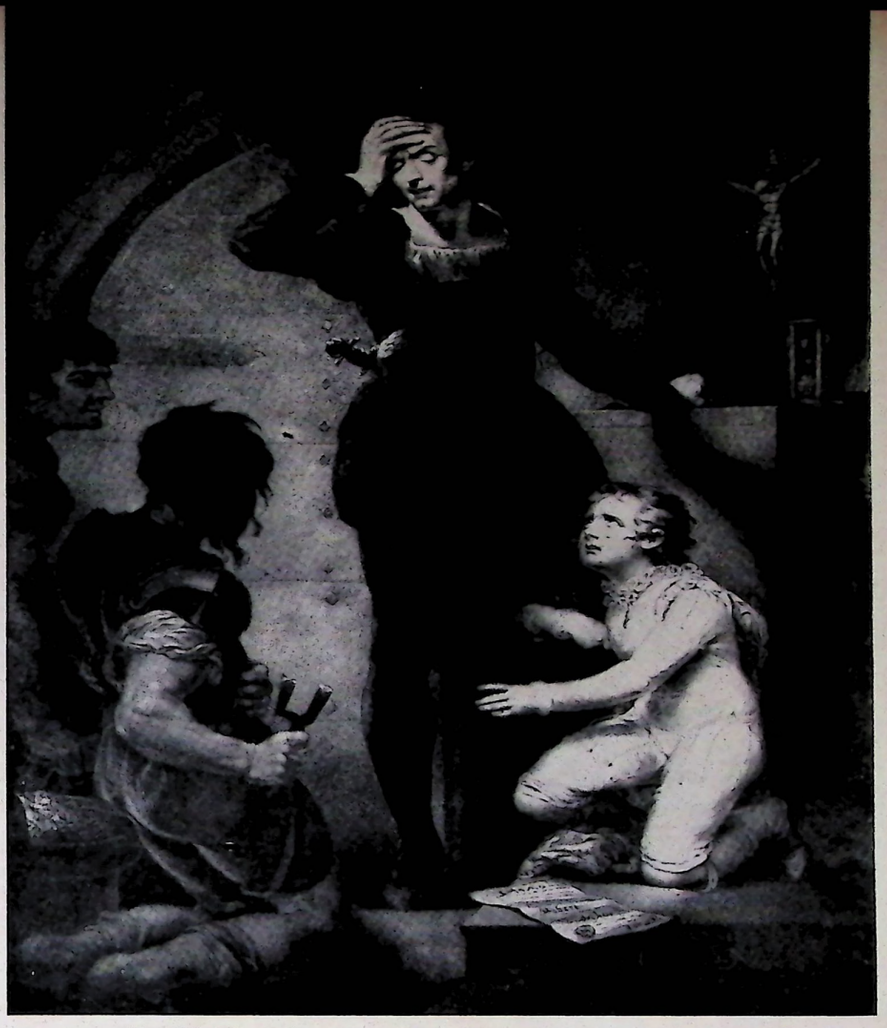
TIMON:
Keep it, I cannot eat it.

THE TEMPEST *(Act I. Scene 2)*

by Henry Fuseli

CALIBAN:
As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

ARTHUR:
O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

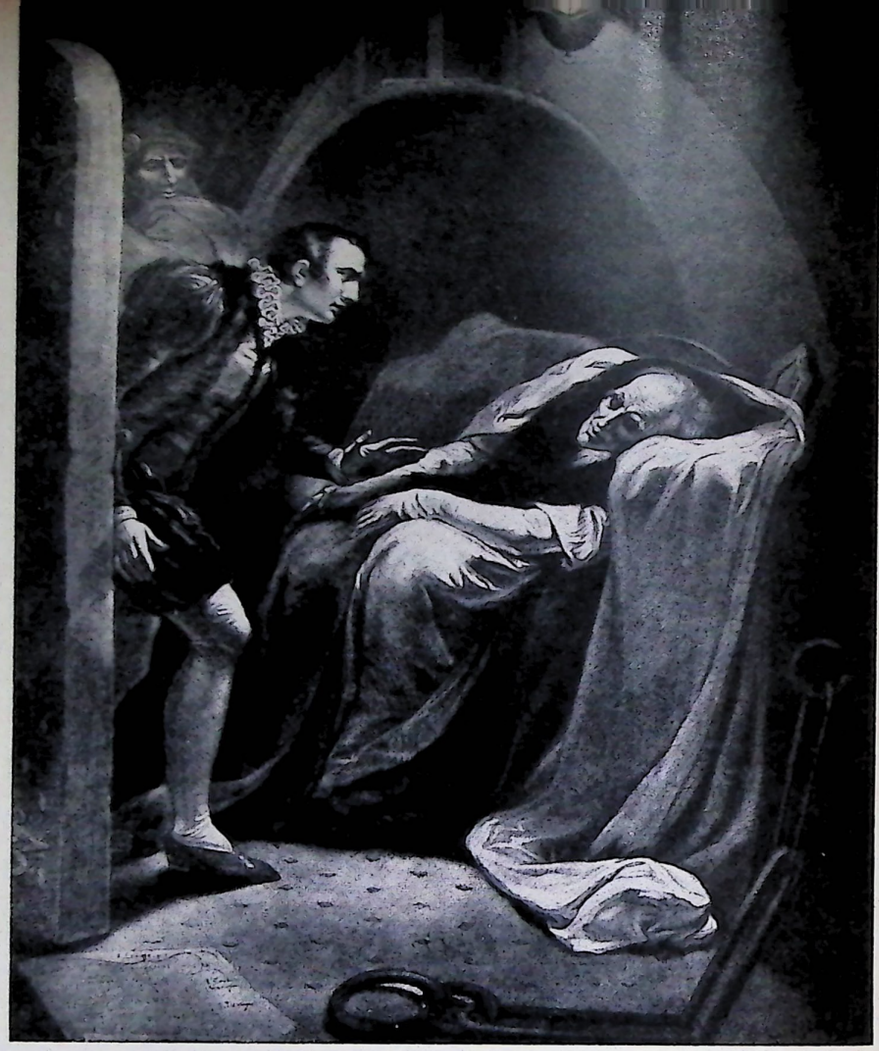


KING JOHN *(Act IV. Scene 1)* by James Northcote

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING *(Act IV. Scene 2)* by Robert Smirke

DOGBERRY:
. . . . Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves . . . .

MORTIMER:
Direct mine arms that I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks . . . .

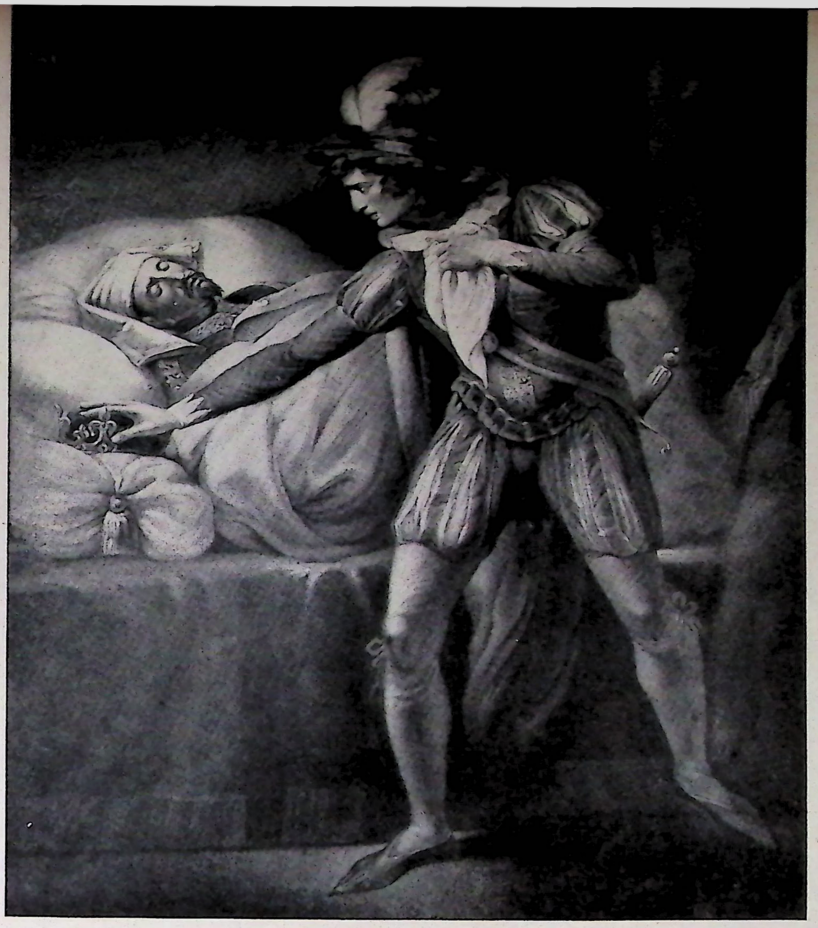


FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI *(Act II. Scene 5)* by James Northcote

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV *(Act II. Scene 4)* by Robert Smirke

FALSTAFF:
All! I know not what ye call all; but if I
fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish:
If there were not two or three and fifty upon
poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE HENRY:
. . . . My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.



SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV *(Act IV. Scene 4)* by Josiah Boydell

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS *(Act V. Scene 1)* by J. F. Rigaud

ABBESS:
Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

GHOST:
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET:
Murder!

GHOST:
Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET:
Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK *(Act I. Scene 5)* by Henry Fuseli

ROMEO AND JULIET *(Act IV. Scene 5)* by John Opie

LADY CAPULET:
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

TYRREL:
The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

KING RICHARD III *(Act IV. Scene 3)* by James Northcote

KING LEAR *(Act I. Scene 1)* by Henry Fuseli

KING LEAR:
. . . . Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And, as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

Early Shakespearean Actors

William Kemp (1579-1600), considered the greatest stage dancer and comedian of the time, gave the original performance of Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing."

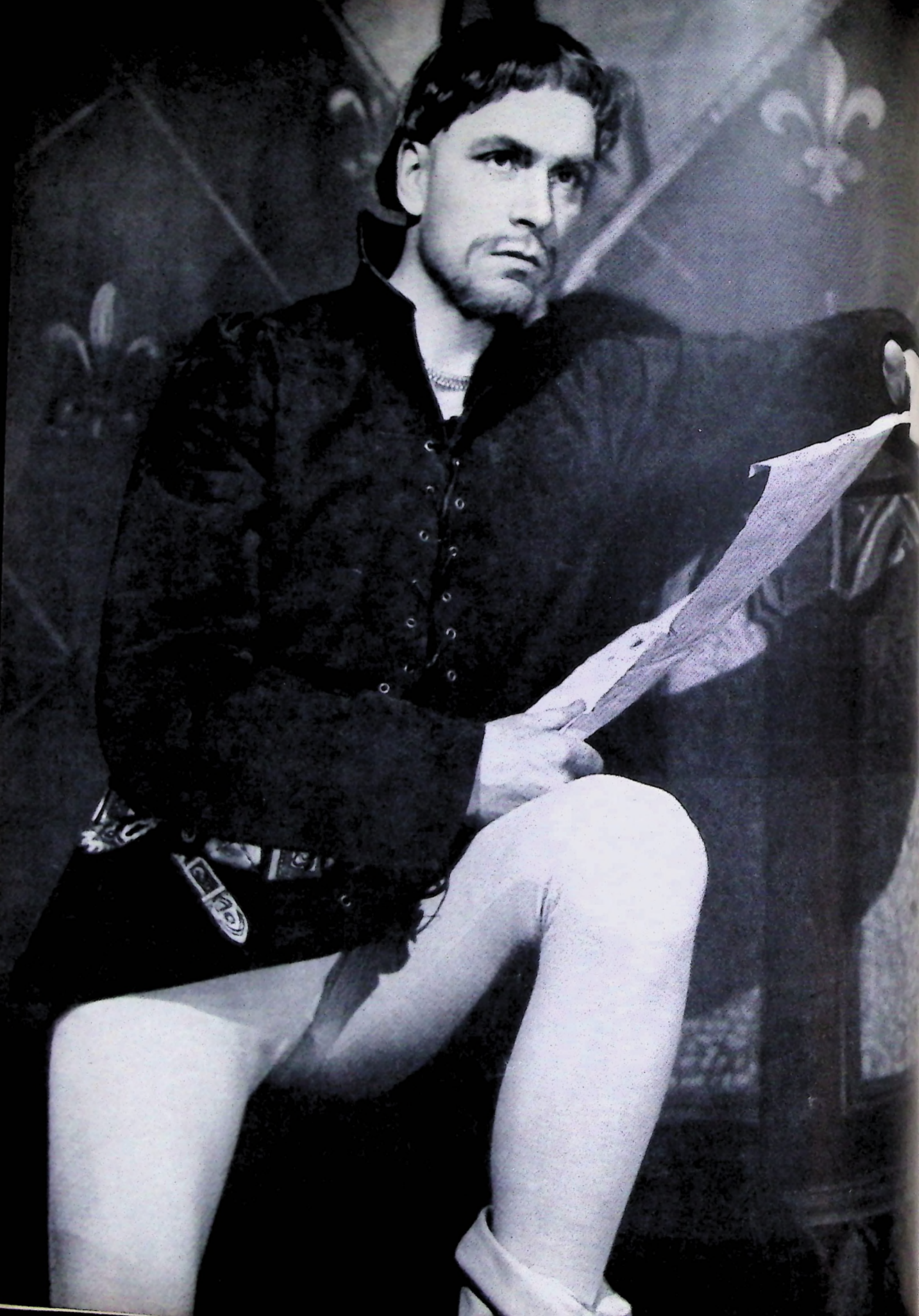
Richard Burbage (1567-1619) had established a reputation as an actor by the time he was 20. He was especially famous for his interpretation of King Richard III.

Susannah Maria Cibber (1714-1766), shown here as Cordelia in "King Lear," was a singer as well as a great tragic actress.

Edward Shuter (1728-1776) worked with David Garrick at Drury Lane. He reached his greatest height as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Short in stature, David Garrick was mercurial in presence. His diction and simplicity of manner gave new meaning to the world of the theater. In 1747 he became manager of the Drury Lane Theater and introduced many stage reforms: seating the audience in the body of the theater, a system of invisible lighting and admission by ticket only. He is shown (above) between the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds; (below) as King Richard III and (bottom) with Mrs. Pritchard, in "Macbeth."

Sarah Kemble Siddons (1755-1831) was the most distinguished of the famous Kemble family of actors. At 18 she married William Siddons, an actor. She was engaged by Garrick to appear at Drury Lane but failed in her first performance. Later she appeared in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage" and her success was assured. As Lady Macbeth she was unequaled. Her beauty and dramatic ability prompted this painting "The Tragic Muse" by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



INTERPRETATION OF *Shakespeare* TODAY

by Margaret Webster

If a modern producer were dealing with an author with 37 plays to his credit, most of them successes and a dozen or so smash hits, he would at least listen with respect to what that author had to say and take some trouble to appreciate the workings of his mind. Shakespeare is still one of Broadway's most successful playwrights. His pay checks, if he still received them, would top the lists of Dramatists' Guild members. Every year or two a major motion-picture company acquires one or another of his scripts and his name appears regularly on TV credit titles though what happens on the screen thereafter may not always do him credit. His royalties from amateur rights alone would be worth a fortune. Surely so durable a dramatist rates a little investigation, perhaps even a trifle of respect, from those who exploit his works.

The principles on which a director must base his approach to a Shakespearean play are, after all, no different from those which govern his approach to any other play. Methods will vary, because the technique of directing is itself subject to every degree of personal idiosyncrasy. But I believe that every director should determine first the mood of the play, its material and spiritual atmosphere, its structural pattern, the wholeness of its effect. What kind of world is this of Arden or Elsinore, Illyria or Verona? What forces are at work in it?

It is, of course, essential that we should interpret Shakespeare to our audiences through the medium of our common experience and our common humanity. And these channels of communication are precisely what the director must use to reach the heart of the plays themselves. He must learn to know the human beings who people them, all of them, from King Lear to the Third Citizen. Who are they? What are they like? They have a certain background, sometimes of historical fact, sometimes of tale or legend; they have an Elizabethan background in Shakespeare's Elizabethan mind. These we shall want to understand, for they will bring light into shadowed places. But, above all, what qualities in their minds and hearts do we share? What is their kinship with us? What is it in their blood which we also feel to be in our own?

The director should not underrate either the author or the audience. Many directors and designers are rightly anxious that their theater should be "contemporary" in its approach. But Shakespeare is not merely local, and the attempt to make him so can become precious and pretentious unless it is used with discretion. The timeliness of the plays is more than costume deep; their truth is universal, and the analogies of external circumstance no more than a fortuitous, though sometimes poignant, reminder that the returning paths of history have been trodden by many feet.

With Shakespeare, as with any classic playwright, the importance

LAURENCE OLIVIER

Shakespearean Actor, Director, Producer

Outstanding for his ability of individual characterizations, Sir Laurence Olivier has been knighted for his services to stage and films.

His capacity to interpret characters, not within the open spaces of mimetic spontaneousness, nor within the wide horizons of poetic imagination, but expressly in the close perspective of physical and psychological veracity, have merited the plaudits of a world-wide audience.

Through his wide variety of leading roles which began at the age of 15 with the role of Katherina in *The Taming of the Shrew,* he was initiated into his subsequently brilliant Shakespearean career in 1935.

Becoming a leading man at the Old Vic from 1937 to 1939 he added strength with each succeeding role—Hamlet, Sir Toby Belch, Henry V, Macbeth, Iago and Coriolanus.

Following these were the memorable screen roles of his career—Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights,* Max de Wynter in *Rebecca* and Mr. Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice.*

After his marriage to Vivien Leigh in 1940 they appeared together in *Lady Hamilton.* He was released from the Fleet Air Arm for which he had enlisted, to make the film *Henry V.* His imaginative technique in directing the filming was in advance of conventional production and his triad achievement as star, producer and director prompted Hollywood to create a Special Award for it.

With the reconstitution of the Old Vic, Olivier's peerless reputation in Shakespearean and other classical roles was augmented. Here he played Richard III for the first time.

Hamlet, in complete Shakespearean text, was produced and directed by him as he believed the author might have approved it had he been a modern screenplay writer instead of a Tudor playwright. The film had its world premier in the presence of the King and Queen of England and merited six Oscars.

After a final season at the New Theater, he organized the Laurence Olivier Productions, under which banner he produced many excellent plays—and his third Shakespearean subject, *Richard III.*

Laurence Olivier as Hotspur (Henry IV)

. . . as Macbeth

of the settings is not exactly what it might be in the case of a new play in a contemporary idiom. The designer, like the director, has an interpretative function. But he will not be able to start from scratch, as with an original script; he will have to face precedents and comparisons. Neither director nor designer should let this trap him into mistaking novelty for penetration nor eccentricity for vitality. It is the truth of the vision which matters.

But the designer has, I think, a greater contribution to make than the convinced Globolators allow. We must transport our audiences into a world of illusion and we must appeal to their eyes as well as their ears. It is part of the theater's legitimate business to draw the eye with visual beauty. Shakespeare's men knew this. Although they had few resources and no opportunity for lighting effects, they made up the decorative deficiency by lavish expenditure on "props" and costume.

The vigor and liveliness of a Shakespearean production, the extent to which it remains memorable in the eyes and minds of those who see it depends, ultimately, on the fierceness and intensity of its drive for truth in the interpretation of human beings. To this the director and designer enormously contribute; but its final expression lies with the actors, not with the textual arrangement, the music, the costumes, the sets or the kind of theater building in which it is played.

The actors are the author's instruments, on whom he must at last depend. It is probable that, if you could put Edwin Booth onto a bare Elizabethan stage, John Barrymore among some eighteenth-century perspective "wings," Richard Burbage into a production of the Belasco school, or Edwin Forrest upon some architectural formation evolved by Norman Bel Geddes, in each case the actor would stare for a few moments and presently get back into the skin of Hamlet. The lines that have echoed through 300 years would begin to exercise their old power. The audience would concentrate upon the actor and forget all about his background. Dramatic truth has many faces, many voices; it is more important than any arrangements of canvas and lumber and paint.

But the actor's ability to bring the real Shakespeare to life depends, in turn, on one thing above all others — not on his looks, charm, or "box office appeal," but on his ability to speak the written text. Shakespeare, above all dramatists who have written in English, has given us the magic means to enchant the ears of our audience, whether with a grace and delicacy which is Mozart in speech, or with the sweeping orchestration of sound which lifts *Lear* and *Othello* to a dimension beyond the mind.

We need actors who can imprint thought and passion upon the human voice. They must have minds and lungs and vocal cords trained to this use of language. They must not use Shakespeare's verse, or prose, as if it were a barrier between themselves and the clear expression of their meaning but as a rich inheritance that they know how to spend richly. Present-day reformers might do well to concentrate on demanding a standard of fine speech from the actors and to bother less about the type of stage from which they are to speak.

Fine speaking is of the most crucial importance to the interpretation of Shakespeare in the theater. A sense of style is almost equally essential. It has become the fashion to belittle the need for this much misinterpreted quality. "Style" is supposed to consist of a lot of outworn flourishes and mannerisms indicative of some dead and forgotten period when men wore long, curled hair and women encased their digestive apparatus in steel and whalebone. It is regarded as a superficial affectation, far removed from actuality, which had better be discarded along with the other "vestigial remains" that the scholars so frequently discuss.

This is a misconception. Style, to begin with, is much more than a harmonious visual effect. You can learn how to drape a cloak or wear a sword or put on a wig, a ruff, or a farthingale by studying pictures and prints — though, in point of fact, very few actors ever bother to look at such things. But style in the wearing of costume is not merely an arbitrary imitation; it is a functional necessity.

Shakespeare's characters, the major ones, are likely to be bigger in mental stature than the average modern actor, more perceptive in imagination, bolder and freer in action, sharper in wit, swifter in words. You must not drag the agonized self-searching of Hamlet down to the level of a college debate nor reduce Beatrice's glancing and ironic humor to the sour wisecracks of a cocktail party. You must translate yourself into the character, probe to its depths, rise to its heights; and you must look like what you are.

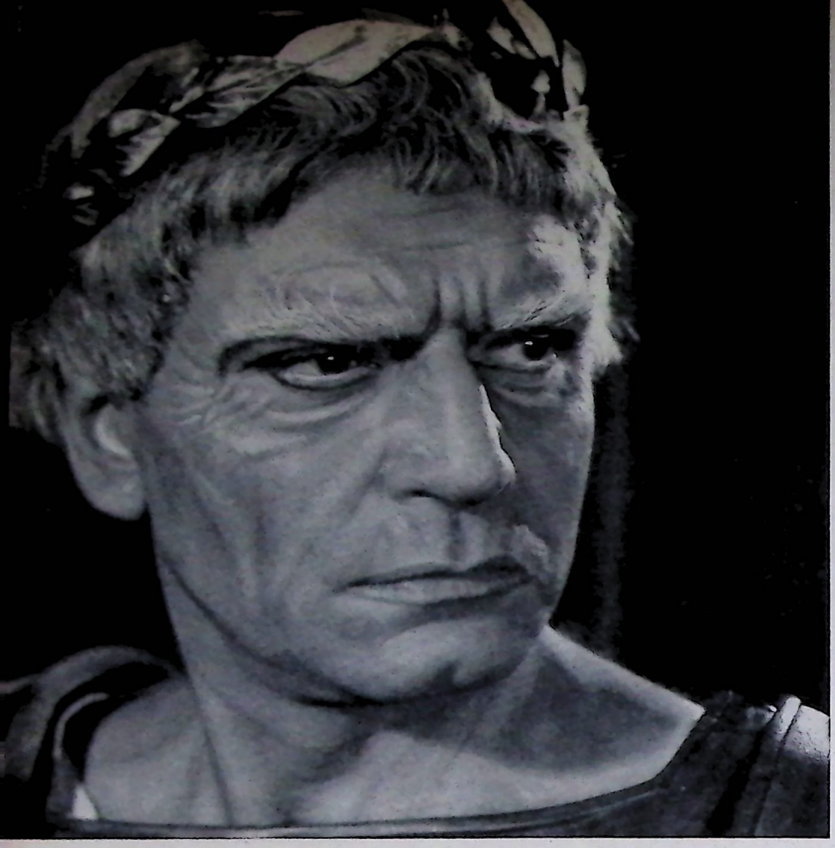
We have plenty of acting talent in America today. There are thousands of young actors or would-be actors with intelligence, imagination, and a good physique. But they completely lack practice in their craft. They do not know, because they have never seen, stature and "manner" in acting Shakespeare; they think of it as something exaggerated and "ham" and believe that the slipshod speech and lazy, commonplace attitudes of the present day are, in some obscure way, more "real." They have almost no opportunity either to see or play Shakespeare except at the amateur level.

. . . as Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night"

In the old days, repertory companies playing Shakespeare abounded both in England and the United States. Not all of them were very good. But they went at the plays whole-heartedly and they met with a similar response. Also, they afforded the actor one enormous advantage. Under the repertory system, he could alternate the playing of great parts with lesser ones; he did not have to wreck his larynx and his soul by attempting to beat out a Hamlet or an Othello eight times a week, which is a physical and spiritual impossibility. We like to flatter ourselves that we have improved greatly on standards of Shakespearean production since "the old days." But, in fact, almost no Shakespeare is now to be seen in the commercial theater; and we have, of course, no endowed or permanent company on the lines of the Comédie Francaise or the Old Vic. Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater of the late Twenties and early Thirties was the last attempt to establish such a theater, except for the short-lived American Repertory Theatre of 1947-1948.

Without such theaters, standards and traditions of classic playing must necessarily vanish; and at the present time the professional playing of Shakespeare seems in danger of vanishing altogether.

It has been contended, however, that we keep Shakespeare sufficiently alive in photographs, whether on the 70-foot scale of Cinemascope or the 17-inch dimension of television. It is true that on occasion the motion-picture medium can render him extraordinary service. Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* was such a case. It was probably as fine an interpretation, or illumination, of this play as has ever been seen, anywhere. It was, moreover, an enormous commercial success and proved that it had "box-



. . . as Titus Andronicus with Vivien Leigh as Lavinia

office appeal" for a wider cross section of the American public than most of Hollywood's prize-winning products. But it was a rare phenomenon, rarely equalled. For Shakespeare, after all, created his masterpieces for a certain medium — that of the living theater; and you cannot translate them into any other without some distortion, any more than you could paint Winged Victory of Samothrace or sculpt the Mona Lisa.

To produce Shakespeare adequately on television, at least in its present state of development, is much more difficult and much less satisfactory than the making of a motion picture. It means a reduction in terms of time; the attempt to give a reasonable notion of *King Lear* in 73 minutes proved to be absurd, at least when the attempt was governed by the present peculiar orthodoxy of television methods. It means a reduction in terms of space, and often a waste of the little there is available; tiny figures jostle one another indistinguishably in all the general scenes and are usually, for some reason known only to TV directors, edged off the screen by horses, dogs, and other colorful fauna about whom Shakespeare did not write. It is, however, a sobering thought that on the afternoon *Richard II* was shown over an American television network it was probably seen by more people than have ever witnessed the play before in the entire world, since the day it was first given at the Globe.

If Shakespeare's craftsmanship could be adapted to the usage of television and the motion pictures, or if they would try honestly to preserve him rather than to substitute their own wonders for his, all might be well-enough; except for one thing: there would still be no human contact, no living union between him and us.

This is the glory of the living theater, and of the living theater alone; it is also the essence of Shakespeare's magic, that the spectators should themselves take part in the process of creation. The actor's art is spontaneous; every performance he gives is unique, never exactly the same as before, never identically repeated afterwards. And the audience participates in it; it is they who either give him wings or tie leaden weights to his feet. There is, in the theater, a communication of the spirit, electric and exultant. The spark which leaps from the stage to the auditorium can set the whole theater ablaze. This is a personal magic; it can open our hearts, dazzle our eyes, lift us into a shared experience beyond ourselves. This is Shakespeare's magic; to its creation his genius was dedicated. You cannot print it in a book or confide it to a microphone. You cannot photograph it at all.

Our theater has all the resources with which to bring to life the masterpieces he left for us; we have audiences eager and hungry to hear them. Why, quoting Hamlet, do we "live to say 'this thing's to do,' sith we have cause and will and strength and means to do't?" It is, very simply, because at the present time costs of production and operation have risen so high in the professional theater that we can no longer afford to stage and run a Shakespearean play without risking very heavy losses.

Further, as production costs have risen, the price of tickets has inevitably risen also. The audiences who really want to see Shakespeare can no longer afford the privilege, even when they have the chance. For he has never been a pet of the carriage trade, and he did not write for the benefit of a small handful of scholars and specialists. He wrote to provide entertainment for an assorted crowd of noisy, eager, demanding, and far from affluent citizens. He was, is, and will remain a people's playwright. But theater-going in the United States is no longer a people's habit; the local movie house is far cheaper than the theater, even in those communities where theaters still exist; or you can stay at home by the fire and get your entertainment for nothing, simply by turning a knob.

People have forgotten, indeed most of them have never known,

. . . as King Lear with Alec Guinness as the Fool

. . . . as Justice Shallow in "Henry IV, Part II"

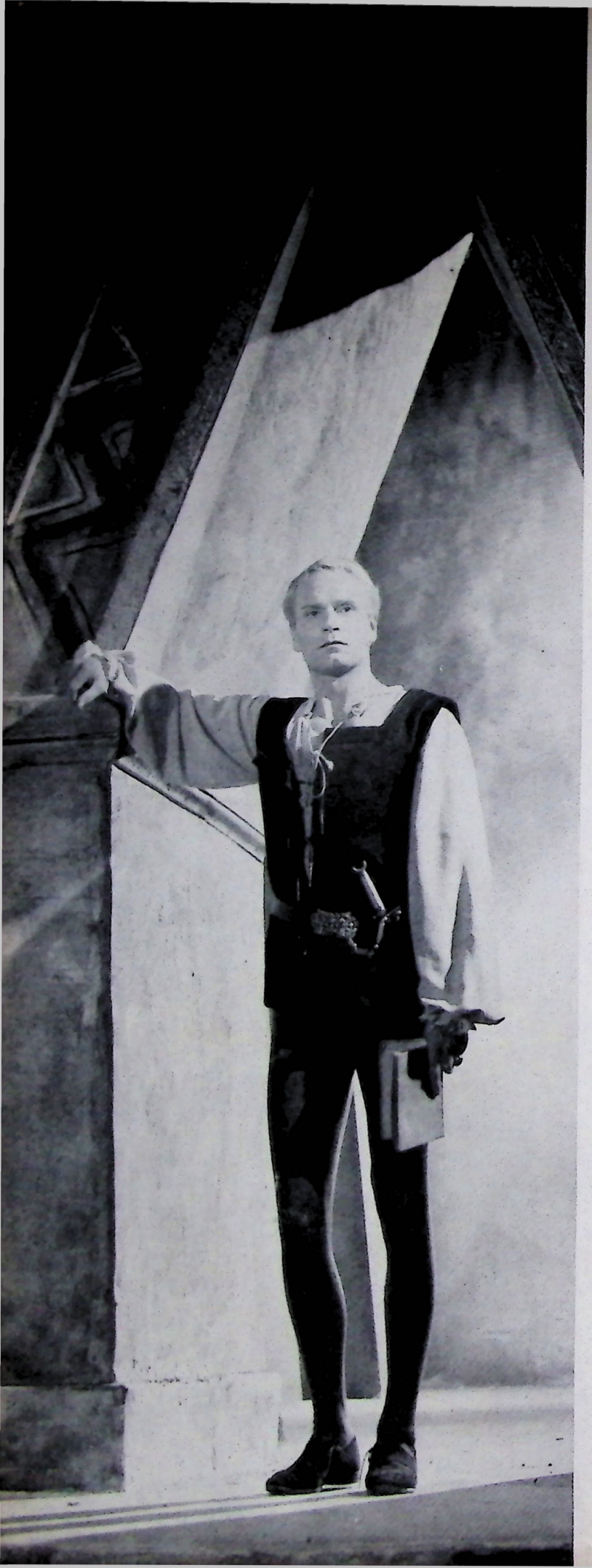
that to see Shakespeare in the theater can be a rich and rewarding experience. They are afraid that it will be a dutiful but boring cultural labor. Shakespeare and his audience have lost each other.

For living Shakespeare is now almost wholly lost to the average American citizen. In high schools it is very rare for the student to read anything more than *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or occasionally *Julius Caesar*, and from these he thankfully shakes himself free the moment the examinations are over. I have found that I had to explain, even to college audiences, just exactly who Falstaff or Othello was; I had to try to persuade them that to laugh with Falstaff is to know a larger dimension of laughter and to suffer with Othello is to gain a deeper insight into human suffering. To many young people poetry has come to be regarded as "sissy," an escapist hobby for the weak and ineffectual, nothing to do with the marvels of modern science or even with the practical everyday business of earning a living.

But if Shakespeare is brought back to them alive, in the theater where he belongs, faithfully and truthfully interpreted, all these things, the mistrust and reluctance and incomprehension and ignorance, are swept away. The old spell works, as powerfully as ever.

I do not believe that this experience has lost its validity or ever will lose it. It is a part of our inheritance. For 350 years Shakespeare has been, for the English-speaking peoples, the voice of hope and love and laughter; he has comforted our griefs and spoken our triumphs with the sound of trumpets. He is beyond the divisions and barriers of contention; for there is singularly little hatred in the plays, and infinite understanding. It would be a barren world which ever felt that it had gone beyond his wisdom and compassion.

And Shakespeare in the theater is a source of wealth we cannot afford to lose. Everyone can draw from it – the poet, the philosopher, the businessman, the truck driver, or the college student. Each will take from the plays as much as his mind and heart will carry, just as everyone concerned in producing or acting them will bring to their service all he has, and find it fully absorbed. Shakespeare's stamp and seal of honor has been set on every actor who has won a lasting reputation and on every theater company of enduring accomplishment. Shakespeare is not only the glory of the language which we speak; he is part of the stuff from which our civilization has been forged. It is for the theater to accept the high responsibility of preserving his living work; then only can we claim our rightful share in his immortality. ♦



HAMLET: *To be, or not to be: that is the question:*
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.

(Act III, Scene 1)

LAURENCE OLIVIER AS

HAMLET

Hamlet is perhaps the best-known of Shakespeare's plays. In his film version of the great tragedy, Laurence Olivier broke away from the limitations of the stage in his portrayal of Hamlet. The camera followed the famous speeches as they were given in movement, and through the use of dramatic camera angles and lighting, new meaning was added to all the nuances of the play.

KING: *How fares our cousin Hamlet?*
HAMLET: *Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish.*
I eat the air, promise-crammed.
You cannot feed capons so.
KING: *I have nothing with this answer,*
Hamlet, these words are not mine.

(Act III, Scene 2)

HAMLET: *Do you see nothing there?*
QUEEN: *Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.*
HAMLET: *Did you nothing hear?*
QUEEN: *No, nothing but ourselves.*
HAMLET: *Why, look you there! Look, how it steals away!*
My father, in his habit as he lived!—
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
(Act III, Scene 4)

HAMLET: *Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio: a fellow*
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy . . .
(Act V, Scene 1)

LAERTES: *Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,*
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! (Dies)
HAMLET: *Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.*
I am dead, Horatio.
(Act V, Scene 2)

KING HENRY: *Cheerly to sea: the signs of war advance:*
No king of England, if not king of France.
(Act II, Scene 2)

LAURENCE OLIVIER AS

HENRY V

Shakespeare's play about Henry V, who conquered France and became King of that country as well as of England, required a prologue before each act to summarize events happening off-stage. Shakespeare apologized for this lack of spectacle on stage by asking the audience to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

Laurence Olivier's motion picture version greatly enriched the scope of the play. By using the flexibility of the film medium, he was able to depict all the action, thus rounding out the story and eliminating the necessity for prologues.

KING HENRY: *Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;*
Or close up the walls with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility . . .
(Act III, Scene 1)

KING HENRY: *By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effects of my visage.*

(Act V, Scene 2)

KING HENRY: *How now! what means this, herald?*
know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones
of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY: *No, great king:*
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them.

(Act IV, Scene 7)

LAURENCE OLIVIER AS

RICHARD III

Though not popularly considered one of Shakespeare's greatest plays, the characterization of Richard III offers a challenge to great actors. The justification of Richard's tyranny, hypocrisy and murder requires that the actor understand the effect of Richard's deformity upon his mind and the reasons for his subsequent actions. The revealing eye of Olivier's motion picture camera demanded that Richard's monologues to the audience expressing his evil designs be believable though none the less villainous.

KING RICHARD: *Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—*
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge. What,—myself upon myself!
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain . . .
(Act V, Scene 3)

ANNE: *Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.*
RICHARD: *Your beauty was the cause of that effect,*
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
(Act I, Scene 2)

DUKE OF YORK: *I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.*
RICHARD: *Why, what should you fear?*
DUKE OF YORK: *Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghosts;*
PRINCE: *My grandam told me he was murder'd there.*
I fear no uncles dead.
RICHARD: *Nor none that live, I hope.*
PRINCE: *An if they live, I hope I need not fear,*
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
(Act III, Scene 1)

CORONATION OF RICHARD
(Act VI, Scene 2)

HASTINGS: *The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,*
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders: whoso'er they may be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved the death.
RICHARD: *Then be your eyes the witness of their evil*
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm,
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up.
(Act III, Scene 4)

KING RICHARD: *. . . Go gentlemen, every man unto his charge:*
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
(Act V, Scene 3)

KING RICHARD: *A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*
CATESBY: *Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.*
KING RICHARD: *Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,*
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
(Act V, Scene 4)

from the Wisdom of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

You take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

If you remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.

A promise made is a debt unpaid.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
not escape calumny.

Lest too light winning make the prize light.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good
we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

Rumor is a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies,
conjectures.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength;
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

All the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor an unproportion'd thought his act.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

One fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That patter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

It (drink) provokes the desire,
but it takes away the performance.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

I love you more than word can wield the matter.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.

Fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
For their virtue only is their show.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none.
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow—
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision.

There is no art to find the mind's construction
In the face.

In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men.

We are advertis'd by our loving friends.

Then, must you speak of one that loved not wisely but too well; of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand, like the base Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
that it do singe yourself.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle.

What you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Nimble thought can jump both land and sea.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

If thou are rich thou art poor;
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time,
be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh as benefits forgot.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

He's mad that trust in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

The better part of valor is discretion.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband

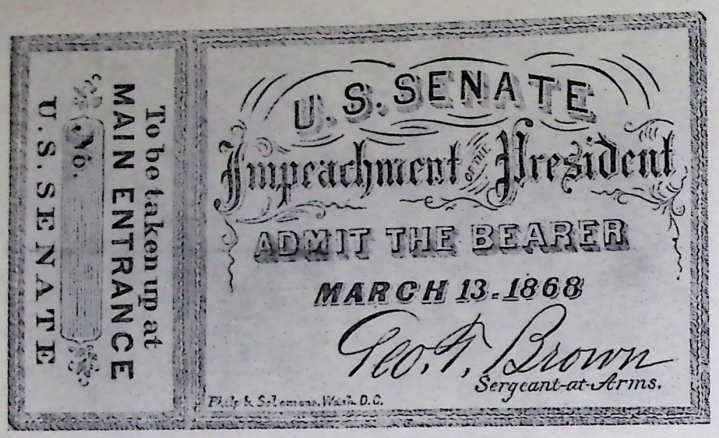
Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.

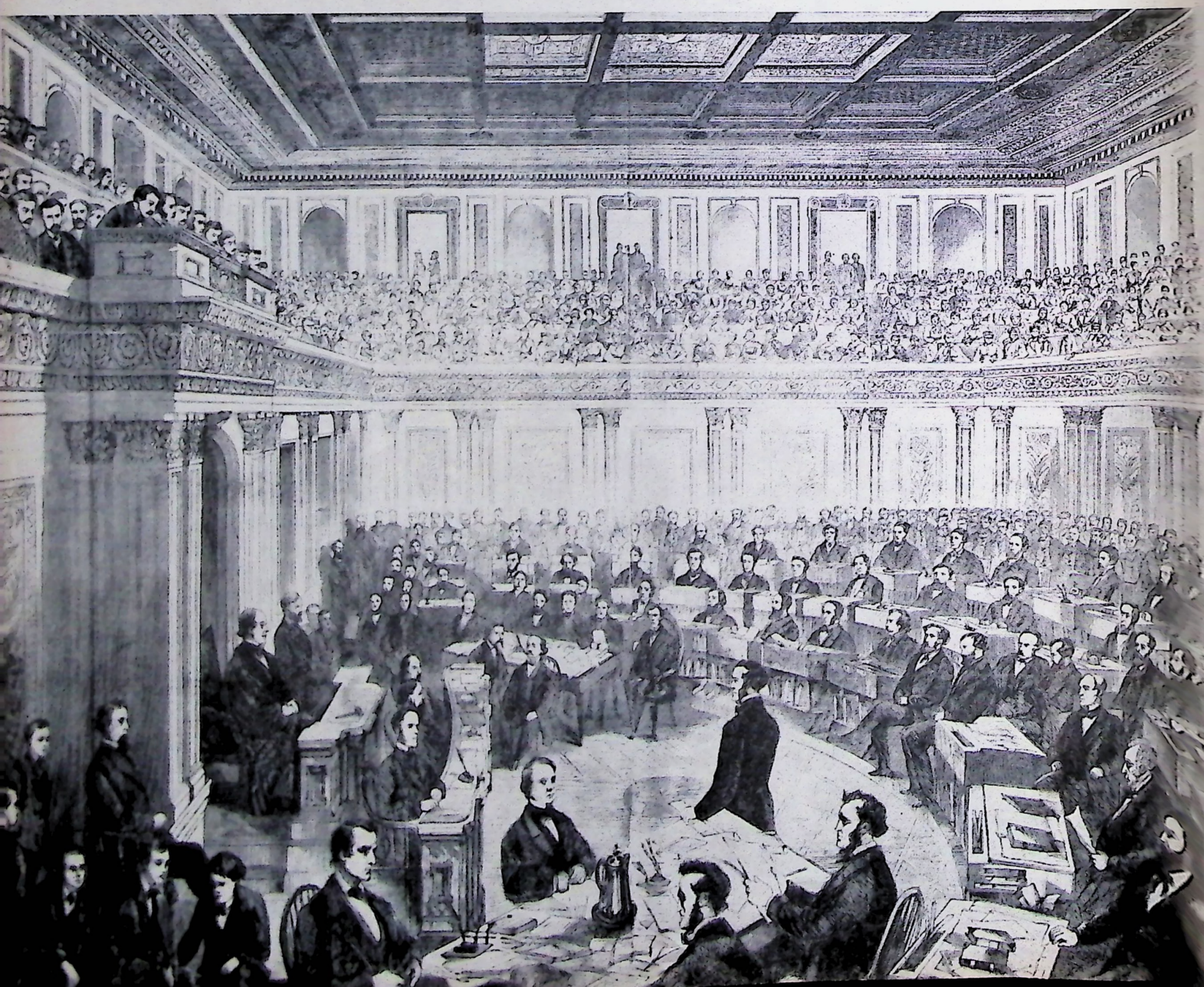
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on all alike.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.



A PRESIDENT ON TRIAL

by Edward Boykin



The state trial of President Andrew Johnson, *in absentia*, before the High Court of the Senate was the greatest spectacle ever staged by the American Congress. It was the dramatic pinnacle of 79 years of lawmaking, the finest, most awesome showpiece in the legislative history of the Republic. Yet, after all, it was only a solemn, hollow farce.

The impeachers intended it to be a mighty drama. At least, Andrew Johnson could not afterwards say that they had not given him an impressive, breathtaking send-off. Indeed, they sent him ten tickets, as if he or his family desired to witness his own political lynching.

Washington was now a "seething caldron." Hysteria had seized the city. Place-seekers arrived in droves. Political vultures, smelling carrion afar, roosted in every nook and cranny of the Capitol. The spoils of Andrew Johnson's dethronement would be staggering. Hotel lobbies surged with crowds. Saloons and brothels were overrun. Important personages and curiosity-seekers arrived by every train.

Over this transcendent spectacle hovered a brilliance and a splendor which far outshone the dreams of her planners. They had studied the impeachment of Warren Hastings and sought to clothe their extravaganza in rainbow pageantry which would rival, or at least be a worthy imitation of, the setting so vividly painted by the pen of Macaulay. Like the historic English legal drama, the trial of Andrew Johnson had grandeur, theatricalism, and gripping moments, but there were no dukes and duchesses, no queen in a royal box draped with silks and satins, surrounded by the "fair-haired daughters of the House of Brunswick"; no Prince of Wales "conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing"; no peers "robed in gold and ermine."

Yet the Senate chamber was emblazoned with enough pomp and circumstance to make the onlookers gasp with admiration. It was something new to America.

Imagining themselves latter-day Edmund Burkes, Butler, Stevens & Co. stored their minds with just two things: how to dragoon the Senate into a verdict of guilty and, if votes were needed for conviction, how to buy them with coin of the realm.

One feature of Warren Hastings' trial they sought to avoid. Hastings' trial had dragged on for seven years to end in acquittal. They planned to try the President of the United States as if he were a common horse thief and to kick him out of the White House as fast as an apparently willing and prejudiced Senate could wangle a verdict of guilty past the watchful eye of the Chief Justice of the United States.

The gallery was "resplendent with bright and beautiful women in the most gorgeous apparel," aflutter with ribbons, gay dresses, feathers of myriad hues, corsages of flowers, smiles and a thousand sparkling feminine baubles. Huge diamonds blazed on hundreds of delicate fingers. Necklaces of precious stones hung in gleaming strands about shapely throats. Gowns, elegance, extravagance, fashion, jewels, beauty were all splashed together in fabulous prodigality. It was a social event par excellence. Then as now, pulchritude had ways of getting what it wanted, such as, in this instance, tickets of admission to the Senate chamber.

Queen of the gala audience was radiant Kate Chase Sprague, who flashed "the most fetching eyes on earth" down on her husband, Senator Sprague, whose vote for Johnson's guilt was already dangling over the Radical bag. Plumped down in the middle of all this grandeur was the woman who expected soon to be the next First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Wade.

The diplomatic gallery was a picturesque, glittering tableau of gold lace, colorful uniforms, bejewelled women, and foreign ministers dripping with the insignia of European honors. Through the eyes of these "ambassadors," Italy, Turkey, Prussia, Greece, Great

WILLIAM M. SPRAGUE
. . . his vote was dangling

Britain, Sweden, China, Spain and lesser lands had come to witness "the peaceful deposition of a sovereign ruler." The scene might well have been transported out of the Elizabethan court to the Senate chamber to grace the spectacle of a President arraigned like a common criminal before the country's highest tribunal.

Correspondents from every important paper in the country jammed the press section, writing ceaselessly. Cartoonists, then in their infancy, made on-the-spot caricatures of the great and not-so-great. Page boys, adorned with red ribbons, infiltrated the sacred purlieus of the Senate floor, bearing an unending stream of missives from one august gentleman to another.

Dominating this stupendous farce was not the impressive, dignified Chief Justice of the United States, Salmon Portland Chase, "the incarnation of dignity, self-possession and repose," resembling a solemn Buddha sitting high on the rostrum clad in the traditional robes of his exalted office.

Nor was the limelight held by bald, squint-eyed, pompous, paunchy "Beast" Butler, who seated himself in one of the red

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE
. . . a solemn Buddha

leather chairs provided for the impeachment managers to the front and right of the rostrum. "Insolent, intolerant, audacious" as Stevens himself, Butler felt this was his chance for immortality. He was now steering the impeachment.

Nor yet was Thad Stevens the main show. Now he was so feeble and ghastly, so near death, he had to be borne to the Senate daily in a chair by two husky Negro boys.

Beneath his dried-parchment cheeks glowed a slight flush of excitement. Supernatural-looking, he was still the evil genius of the show. Verging on collapse, he sat sipping brandy to keep him alive for the last scene, Johnson's political demise. Old Thad would see it through. He bore out Johnson's jest that Stevens was like

THADDEUS STEVENS
. . . now only to twist the knife

a human Vesuvius. Apparently dead and extinct, he would burst suddenly into a "living flow of passion."

Master of the shuttling scenes of the trial, dominating every move, every moment, was the silent, unseen actor-defendant, Andrew Johnson, whose presence was as real, as vocal as though he stood at the bar of the Senate pleading his own case. Unheard, invisible, waiting calmly in the White House a mile away, he ran off with the show, much to the dismay and surprise of the impeachers.

By May 4 the evidence was all in, the sound and fury over.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON
. . . tears running down his cheeks

The great American travesty had reached its crisis and the case against Andrew Johnson was closed. Came for Stevens & Co. 25 witnesses rehearsing the malice and slander which had deluged the House floor on Washington's Birthday. For Johnson came 16 witnesses. His entire defense rested on his conviction that the Tenure of Office Act was unconstitutional. He had violated it to make a test case which the Supreme Court could adjudicate. As for the dismissal of Secretary of War Stanton, Johnson felt that the act did not protect that weasley gentleman because he was appointed by President Lincoln.

Every spectator from page boy to the Chief Justice knew in his heart that what he had seen and heard was no more than the gorgeously staged, attempted massacre of a too formidable opponent.

But Thad Stevens could not let the prosecution close without using his knife. Dragging himself from the edge of the yawning grave he offered a 19-page summary of abuse and malignity. It was not extemporaneous. He had prepared it with infinite care.

Sustained by the intensity of his hate, he rose and began reading. It was his last chance to besmirch Andrew Johnson. Snarling and bitter, he whipped the Senate as he had so often the House. He would have welcomed Johnson's decapitation there on the Senate floor:

"And now this offspring of assassination turns upon the Senate and bids them defiance. How can he escape the just vengeance of the law? Wretched man, standing at bay, surrounded by a cordon of living men each with the axe of an executioner uplifted for his just punishment!"

Save for the Democratic Senators, every Senator now trying Johnson, ranted Stevens in a faded whisper, had already pronounced his "solemn doom." Exhausted by his own passion, his frame shook, his voice dwindled. He sank into a chair. His two Negro boys sidled up to Stevens and carried the drooling old man out of the Senate chamber to his B Street home and Lydia Smith.

Loud-voiced and confident, John Bingham closed the case against the President with a jabbing stump speech flowing with fine rhetoric and patriotic invocation:

"May God forbid that the future historian shall record of this day's proceedings, that by reason of the failure of the legislative power of the people to triumph over the usurpations of an apostate

JOHN BINGHAM
. . . closed the case

EDWIN M. STANTON
. . . was appointed by Lincoln

President through the defection of the Senate of the United States, the just and great fabric of American empire fell and perished from the earth."

Now the durbar closed in a fantastic demonstration in the galleries by Stevens' well-rehearsed claque. Like a scene out of the French Revolution, frantic, wild-eyed men and women rose to their feet, shouting, raging, clamoring for a verdict of guilty. In a flash it swelled to a tumult.

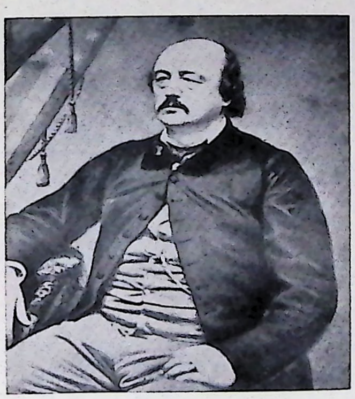
"Order! Order!" shouted the astounded Chief Justice, only to be drowned by a torrent of hisses and derision and cries of "Guilty! Guilty!" Toughs crashed through the galleries, knocking spectators down, hurling out threats and curses.

Saturday, May 16, 1868 was Andrew Johnson's judgment day. On that day the Senate voted on the high crimes and misdemeanors charged against him by Thad Stevens & Co. The hour was high noon.

Mathematically, the impeachers had it all figured out, but it did not add up as securely as they had wished. There were 54 Senators. Nine Democrats and three Conservative Republicans, who had trailed with Johnson, would certainly vote for acquittal. To eject Johnson from the White House the Radicals must muster 36 votes — two thirds — as required by the Constitution.

Subtracting these twelve acquittal Senators there remained 42 Republican Senators. For a verdict of guilty 36 of these must be whipped into line. Into the ranks of these 36 the impeachers sent their spies, threateners, whippers-in and bribers. "Beast" Butler was prepared to "buy Senators as he would swine." Of a doubtful Senator he said, "Tell the damn scoundrel that if he wants money there is a bushel of it to be had."

The spectacle was vivid, impressive. With a rustling of his stiff, black robes the Chief Justice took his seat on the rostrum and the crier intoned the command of silence.



B. F. BUTLER
. . . prepared to buy senators

Now more drama. It was piling up. A bustle at the door and in came Senator Grimes of Iowa, faint and feeble, supported by four men. It was a heroic thing to do but he had a vote to cast for Andrew Johnson, and cast it he would. Why should a stroke of paralysis three days ago stand in the way of his duty as he saw it? It did not. Pale and twisted with pain, he took his seat. The galleries wanted to cheer but dared not.

In the galleries hundreds of pencils hovered over tally papers. The clerk read the eleventh impeachment article. Thad Stevens never looked so confident. It was his article; he was proud of it. It was like a knife reaching into Andrew Johnson's heart. He had, so it seemed, now only to twist the knife about a bit. His cavernous eyes shone.

"Call the roll!" ordered the Chief Justice.

The clerk began droning. It was alphabetical. First on the roll was Anthony of Rhode Island.

Fifteen for Andrew Johnson. Four more and Thad Stevens' great conspiracy would come tumbling down like a house of stacked cards. Came Saulsbury, Democrat from Delaware with a not guilty. And Vickers of Maryland likewise. Then the two remaining doubtful Republican Senators Trumbull and Van Winkle voting, strong-voiced, for acquittal. Nineteen. That was enough.

Last came Ben Wade, who saw the Presidential prize slipping from his grasp. He need not have done what he did. The case was lost, but he voted guilty. It was as dishonorable as was the vote of Speaker Schuyler Colfax for the impeachment resolution in the House.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE
. . . but he voted guilty

Stunned and speechless, the impeachment managers sat riveted to their seats. It was unbelievable. Solemnly the Chief Justice proclaimed:

"Upon this Article, 35 Senators vote guilty and 19 Senators vote not guilty. Two thirds, not having pronounced guilty, the President is, therefore, acquitted upon this Article."

Andrew Johnson was exonerated by a single vote!

In a blinding flash it was over. Above the crowds Thad Stevens was borne away by his Negro boys. His face was black with rage and disappointment. "The country is going to the devil," he mouthed.

As the last vote was cast a young man, William Crook, President Johnson's bodyguard, scrambled out of the gallery, dashed down Capitol Hill, and ran all the way to the White House. Hustling up to the President's study he blurted out the news to a man who listened, composed yet with tears running down his cheeks — to a man who was still President of the United States.

But Crook did not pause here. He hurried up to a bedroom where, in a rocking chair, sat a frail little lady old before her time. It was Eliza McCardle Johnson, who had stood beside Andrew through the thick and thin of it all.

"He is acquitted! The President is acquitted!" cried out Crook.

She took the young man's hand, but long moments passed before she could find her voice. Her eyes shone with tears as she said, "I knew he would be acquitted. I knew it." ◆

When Narcissus died, the pool of his pleasure changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, and the Oreads came weeping through the woodland that they might sing to the pool and give it comfort.

And when they saw that the pool had changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, they loosened the green tresses of their hair, and cried to the pool, and said: "We do not wonder that you should mourn in this manner for Narcissus, so beautiful was he."

"But was Narcissus beautiful?" said the pool.

"Who should know better than you?" answered the Oreads. "Us did he ever pass by, but you he sought for, and would lie on your banks and look down at you, and in the mirror of your waters he would mirror his own beauty."

And the pool answered: "But I loved Narcissus because, as he lay on my banks and looked down at me, in the mirror of his eyes I saw my own beauty mirrored."

—Oscar Wilde

NARCISSUS *by Caravaggio*

ARTISTS IN THE *Mirror*

by Kate Trauman Steinitz

The plane of the mirror with its power to reflect the image has been the subject of many superstitions and legends. It has served both as a symbol of vanity and as a symbol of truth.

Not all artists look into a mirror in search of sheer beauty. Many use it for the purpose of study as the artist is his own ever-present model – the model he need not call in, the model he need not pay. These are the artists who retain the record of their appearance with reasonable truthfulness even to the point of using double mirrors to obtain the correct reflection, for a person standing in front of a mirror in three-quarter view sees himself reversed and not as others see him.

Other self-portrait artists improve nature, endowing their picture with the beauty and importance they wish to possess. And there are those who have looked through the unreal reality that is reflected by the mirror to seek more expressive forms and lines revealing their soul. Some artists have even used convex mirrors for bent and distorted effects.

An interesting feature of painting was introduced through the use of mirrors. By studying the projection, some artists painted observant eyes which seemed to be directed toward the spectator. "The face of the outstanding painter, Rogier van der Weyden, though a motionless study, seems to pursue the beholder with his glance wherever he goes, as does the eye of God which observes a human being," wrote Nicholas of Cusa in 1450.

The poet-politician Poliziano noted a statement made by Cosimo, the father of Lorenzo d'Medici, the Magnificent, saying "each painter paints himself." By observing the paintings of the early periods it is possible to recognize the resemblance between the figures and their creators. Fra Filippo Lippi's Saints resemble him closely. The panels of Jerom Bosch seem populated with Bosches. A critic said of the German painter Hans Thoma that even his trees in the landscape look like him.

Many artists have represented themselves as acting figures in their historical and religious compositions as Zurbaran did in a painting which shows him standing on an altar next to Christ holding his brushes and pallette, a Saint painting in deep emotion. The painter's guilds of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries chose Saint Luke as their Patron when he was reputed to have painted the portrait of the Virgin Mary and the theme of the Saint painting the Virgin became a favorite self-portrayal for the artists of Northern Europe: Reuland Frueauf, Dierick Bouts, Rogier van der Weyden and many others. They expressed their devotion, piety, humility and also their pride as they faced their holy model.

Leonardo da Vinci's *Treatise on Painting* called it a "common error" of painters to repeat their own physical characteristics and deficiencies in the many figures of their compositions and added a lucid explanation for this psychological phenomenon. "This occurs because the living soul which rules and guides each human being also guides our judgment before we are conscious of it. It (the soul) has built the shape of man. It has also determined his size, figure, features . . . whether it be a long, short or flat nose. It is an influence of such a power that it guides the hand of the painter."

Michelangelo in a poem groans and moans like a prisoner who cannot break his fetters. "The marble image meant to be of another shows none but the sculptor's face, his very own . . . Forever do I seem to mould my image, while I intend to picture theirs." ♦

ADORATION OF THE MAGI *by Botticelli*

SANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444-1510) was frail and sickly but his concept of the world in his art was beauty—a flowery pattern with exaggerated expressiveness of line, sensitive and refined, a lofty symbolism with divine lightness. Though one might expect such an artist to be a man who is happy, exalted and serene, Botticelli instead was an earthbound neurotic, possibly through his physical handicap. In his commissioned work "The Gift of the Magi," with portraits of the Medici family as the Kings, Botticelli staged the sacred scene as if it were happening in his own time and, in this illustrious company, paints himself standing upright, beautiful, proud and strong, as though emerging from his wishful dream.

MAN OF SORROWS *Self-portrait*

Self-portrait as a Child

Dürer

ALBRECHT DURER (1471-1528) lived in Renaissance Germany at a time when the graphic arts were flourishing. As his great emotions were religious, his self-portraits in metal point blend into representations of Christ. Even his first childish mirror study at 13 resembles the figure of young Jesus teaching the doctors. Dürer continued posing for himself in many moods throughout his life. In his Munich painting of Christ *(above right)*, his face appears in idealized beauty. His last self-portrait shows him as the Man of Sorrows.

HANS BURGKMAIR (1473-1531) was commissioned by Emperor Maximilian to make a pictorial biography of him. These 237 woodcuts show the young prince engaged in the pursuits of the Renaissance ideal to become universal through many studies and apprenticeships. The collection was titled the "Weisskunig" (Wise King) and is a magnificent record of the period, showing the young prince learning the arts of cookery, carpentry, craftswork, taking music lessons, studying veterinary surgery, classical archeology, mining, fashion design, etc. In Burgkmair's studio *(at right)*, he is shown with the artist studying the technique of drawing animals. In the background an apprentice grinds color. Though this self-portrait does not have the personality injection of the artist, it is a documentary of the artist's workshop of that period.

Burgkmair

PIETA *by Michelangelo*

Self-portrait in the Sistine Chapel

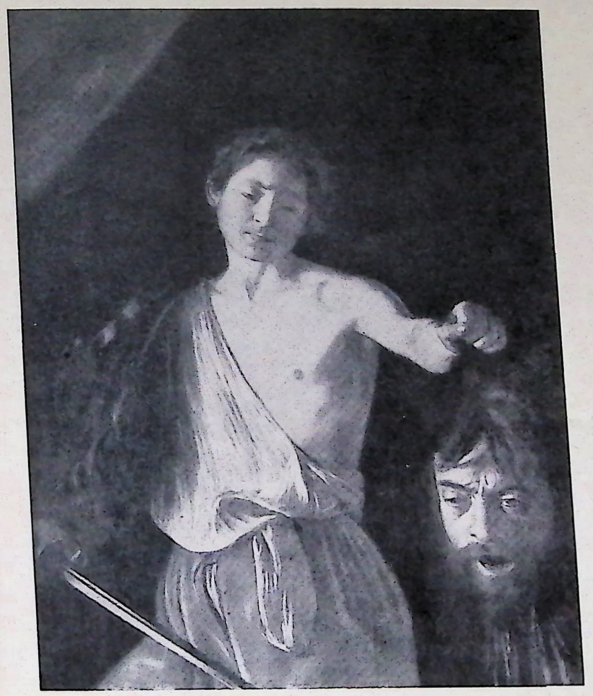
MICHELANGELO (1475-1564) felt mentally and physically disgraced when crouching on a giddy scaffold to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. At the age of 65, when he was dejected over his struggles with the Popes who employed him, he wrote a sonnet to express his bitterness: "I've grown a goiter dwelling in this den . . . in front my skin grows loose and long; behind by bending, it becomes more taut and straight. I strain myself like a Syrian bow." It was at this time he painted his own tortured and distorted face on a background of the flayed skin of St. Bartholomew, *The Last Judgment, (above)*. Ten years later, the second self-portrayal known to exist of him was recognized in the face of the hooded Joseph of the *Pieta,* which he sculptured for his own grave.

PROPERZIA DE ROSSI (ca. 1490-1530) expressed her unrequited love by representing herself as Potiphar's wife "who, burning with love for Joseph," says Vasari, "and almost in despair after so much persuasion, finally strips his garment from him with a womanly grace which defies description." He adds that this dramatic self-portrait, carved in bas-relief, gave the artist the more satisfaction by helping to quench the raging fire of her own passion.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE *by Properzia de' Rossi*

PARMIGIANINO (1503-1540) used a convex mirror for experiments in proportion. His self-portrait shows the hand as though it were detached from the figure. Balance is obtained by the perfect beauty of both hand and face.

Parmigianino



DAVID WITH THE HEAD OF GOLIATH *by Caravaggio*

MICHELANGELO CARAVAGGIO (1569-1609) was stifled by having to paint flowers for an inferior artist to make a living in his younger years. He left the safe ground of tradition and experimented boldly, contrasting light and dark in the revolutionary expressiveness of naturalism. Ambition and his quick temper involved him in quarrels and as the result of one he killed a young man. Though pardoned for the crime, he continued to become embroiled in trouble and in 1609 was sentenced to be abandoned on the deserted shore of Pontercole. While there he succumbed to a fever and died at 40.

His self-portrait is shown depicted in the head of Goliath, whose eyes and mouth are frozen in terror, contrasting the calm, classic beauty of David. Caravaggio, like Goliath, a victim of pride and passion, painted the head so that it submerges into a background of dark nothingness.

DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ (1599-1660) painted himself standing behind a huge panel. The eyes of subjects in the picture are directed outside the picture. The explanation of this focus of attention can be found in the oblong mirror at the far end of the pictured room. In it appears the images of King Phillip IV and the Queen. Whether the mirror catches the King and Queen as they pose for the painter or reflects the unseen surface of the canvas cannot be ascertained. Velasquez, court painter and Valet of Chamber to the King, subordinated the monarchs to his own image.

Velasquez

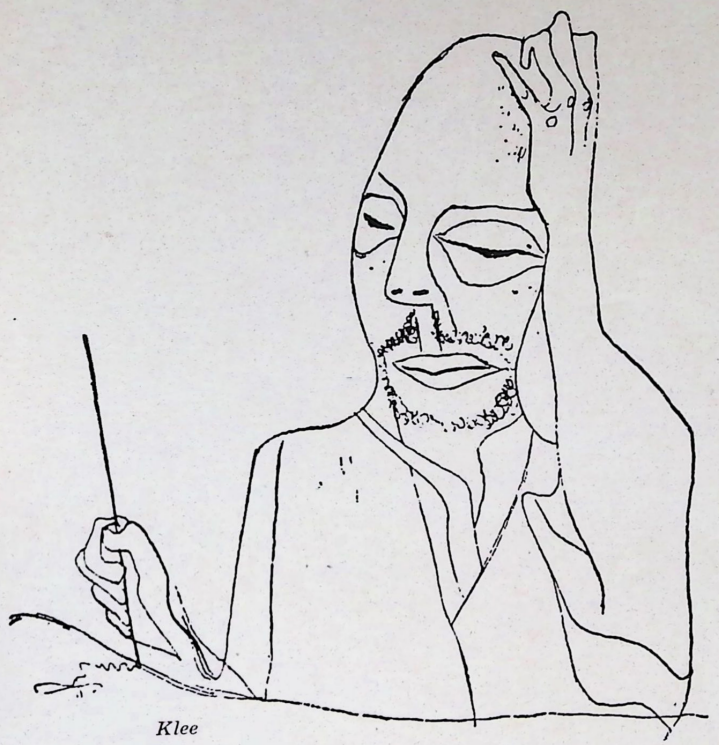
Rembrandt

REMBRANDT HARMENSZOON VAN RIJN (1606-1669) painted more than 100 self-portraits, representing about 10 per cent of his complete works. These studies change in mood from showy extroversion and brilliant showmanship in his years of success and prosperity to penetrating self-analysis in his later years. One of the last of his self-portraits shows the sarcastic humor of old-age with a toothless grin. The white turban lights up like the snowy summit of a mountain. The painting is often called, "Laughing Democritus painting weeping Heraclitus."

MARIE - ANNE ELISABETH VIGEE - LEBRUN (1755-1842) had made her reputation when 20 years old by her portraits of Count Orloff and the Duchess of Orleans. Her painting "Peace Bringing Back Abundance" gained her membership in the Academy. She was an extensive traveller and her works are to be found in the collections of many countries. Among her sitters was Marie Antoinette of whom she painted over 20 portraits. Madame Lebrun did a number of self-portraits and also some posing with her daughter. This study reveals the artist's delicate skill.

Vigee-Lebrun

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940) wrote "the artist, you might say, is like a tree. He has coped with this bewildering world—reasonably well, we shall assume—in his own quiet way. He knows how to find his way in it well enough to bring some order into the stream of impressions and experiences impinging on him. This orientation among the phenomena of nature and human life, this order in all its ramifications, that's like the root part of our tree. From there the artist—who is the trunk of the tree—receives the sap that flows through him and through his eye. Under the pressure of this mighty flow, he transmits what he has seen to his work. His work, then, is like the crown of the tree, spreading in time and space for all to see." Klee's self-portrait was done in 1919.

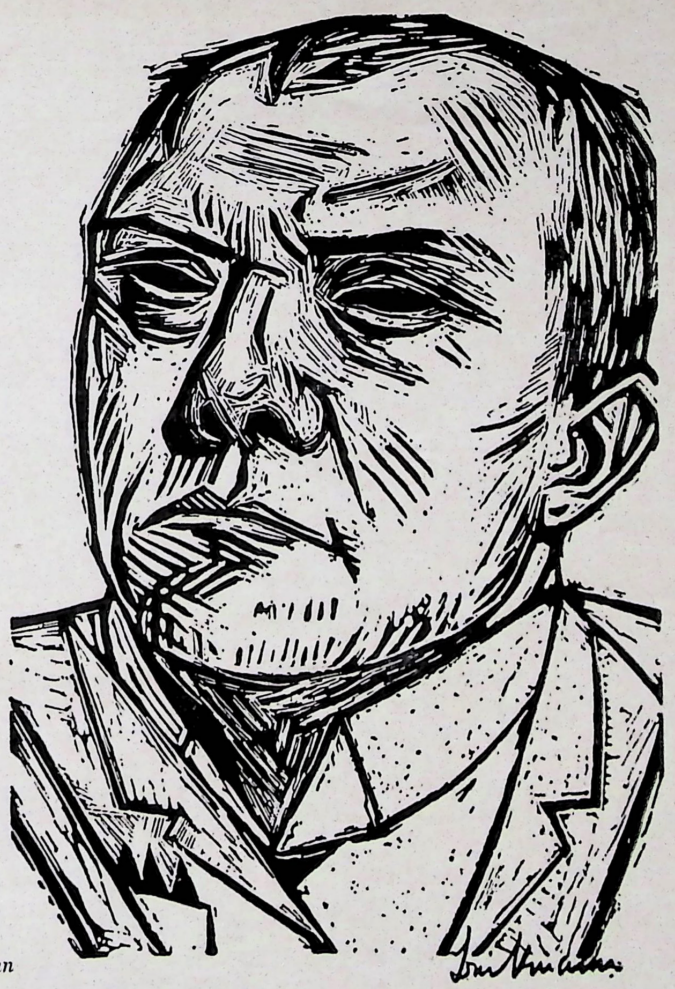


Klee

Kollwitz

KAETHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945) had painted over 200 self-portraits when she died at the age of 78. The quality of her graphic work has placed her in a class with Goya and Daumier. She heard the voice of death all through her life and in this study conveys the feeling with magnificent pathos.

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950) expressed his austere experience of the world in rigid, elementary forms and in dark, glowing colors. His life was a passion for painting and his painting is strong, merciless, aggressive. In this woodcut self-portrait the technique becomes a form language of gothic corners and angles. In life Beckmann himself was without compromise and in his *Thoughts on Painting* he wrote "the construction of a picture must result from the change of optical impressions by the transcendental mathematics of the subject's soul. Therefore, each transformation of the object is permitted if it shows sufficient power of creative imagination. Decisive is the consistent use of one principle of form in such transformations."



Beckmann

MY LIFE: AT THE EASEL *by Chagall*

MARK CHAGALL, 69, was born in a village near the Russian town Vitebsk. Memories of his youth recur in his work and in the self-portrait "I and My Village." Chagall's strength of expression was first noticed by the great talent scout of Modern Art, Herwarth Walden, in Berlin. He exhibited Chagall's work in the Strum in 1914. After his marriage, Chagall began a series of paintings of lovers, glowing blue in the starry night and flying through the clouds, not aware of time and the laws of gravity. Chagall lives on this earth in his own timeless world, where present, past and future mingle, where an earthly cow is milked in the clouds, and where artists stand upside-down on their heads painting.

I AND MY VILLAGE *by Chagall*

The Happy Cynic

by Herman Rovner

Nearly everyone has read or heard how Diogenes went about in broad daylight with a lit lamp looking for an honest man but it is not generally known that Diogenes did and said many other things of a similar quaintness or piquancy.

Besides being a most sagacious philosopher, Diogenes the Cynic, or, as he was more commonly called, Diogenes the Dog, was one of the greatest wits that ever lived, that ever made more light and merry the lives of his fellowmen. When this Greek was not giving people excellent advice as to the easiest way to achieve happiness, he kept them highly amused with his jokes and his pranks, his quips and his antics, which history after 2300 years still remembers with a fond chuckle.

One day, while watching an archer who was not very accurate in his aim, Diogenes suddenly jumped in front of the target, in order, he said, not to get hit.

Upon his being asked what was the best time to have supper, he replied, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; if you are a poor man, whenever you can."

Diogenes became so celebrated for his wit and his wisdom that his most famous contemporary, none other than Alexander the Great, came one day to pay him a visit. Their interview took place in the open for Diogenes, who was a poor man by preference, did not have a home at the time. The rich and mighty Alexander asked Diogenes whether there was anything he wanted, whether he had any request to make. The most impecunious man in the whole world meditated for a moment, "Yes," he said, "step aside; you're shutting off the sun."

Alexander expressed surprise that Diogenes seemed so little concerned with his poverty. "Which of the two is richer," replied Diogenes to the young king, who was forever seeking new lands to conquer, "he who is contented with his cloak and his knapsack or he who is not satisfied with an entire kingdom but must all the time expose himself to a thousand hardships in order to extend it?" The spectators stood surprised, for the philosopher's insouciance seemed to border on insolence. "Are you not afraid of me?" asked Alexander. "Are you good or bad?" asked Diogenes. "Good," said Alexander. "Then why should I be afraid of one who is good?" said Diogenes. At the end of their talk, Alexander paid him the highest compliment that he could think of. "If I were not Alexander," he said, "I should have liked to be Diogenes."

Diogenes apparently was afraid of no man, good or bad. Once, when his country was attacked by King Philip, the aggressor of the day, he was captured on the field of battle and brought before the conqueror. "Who are you?" asked King Philip. "I am, sir," replied the indomitable Diogenes, "further evidence of your insatiable greed." Philip was so impressed by the reply that he gave Diogenes his freedom.

At another time he was captured by pirates and offered for sale as a slave. He was asked by the auctioneer what kind of work he could do. "I have a talent for governing men," he answered. "Proclaim to the patrons that if anyone has need for a master, he should come forward and purchase me." The auctioneer admonished him not to sit while he was trying to sell him. "What difference does it make?" said Diogenes, still in a sedentary position. "People buy fish in any posture." To the man who finally bought him as a tutor for his children, he remarked, "Though I am now your slave, you must prepare yourself to obey my will." While living in slavery, some of his friends tried to procure him his liberty. "Fools," he said to them, "you must be jesting. Don't you know that the lion is not the slave of those who feed him, but they who feed him are his slaves."

Diogenes the Dog was that rarest of phenomena, a thoroughly happy man. He owed much of his felicity to his philosophy, which held that happiness lay not in vast riches but in simple wants. It was often hard and hazardous to acquire wealth, but to diminish one's needs was very easy, like the shedding of one's clothes. He had acquired this philosophy at an early age, upon observing a mouse running about briskly and happily, without any fear of the approach of the night, without any concern for a lodging place, without any anxiety about the next meal. It is said that a wise man learns even from a fool, although a fool learns from nobody. Diogenes was wiser than that; he learned from a mouse — just as, in a later period and in a different country, another man, Robert Bruce, was to learn a lesson from a persevering spider.

In accordance with his philosophy, Diogenes had few wants and few possessions. The latter included a barrel, which he used for a lodging. When the weather was too inclement, he took refuge in the public buildings, on which occasions he would thank the noble Athenians for providing him with such excellent shelter.

Besides the barrel, he owned a coat, which, folded several times, also served him at night for a pillow. His other belongings were a knapsack and a jug. But the jug he one day deliberately broke, upon seeing a child drinking from the hollow of his hand. "What!" he said, "do children know better than I with what things a man should be contented." Once a disreputable character reproached Diogenes for living in such poverty. "I never saw anyone punished for being poor," the philosopher replied, "but I have seen many hanged for being villains."

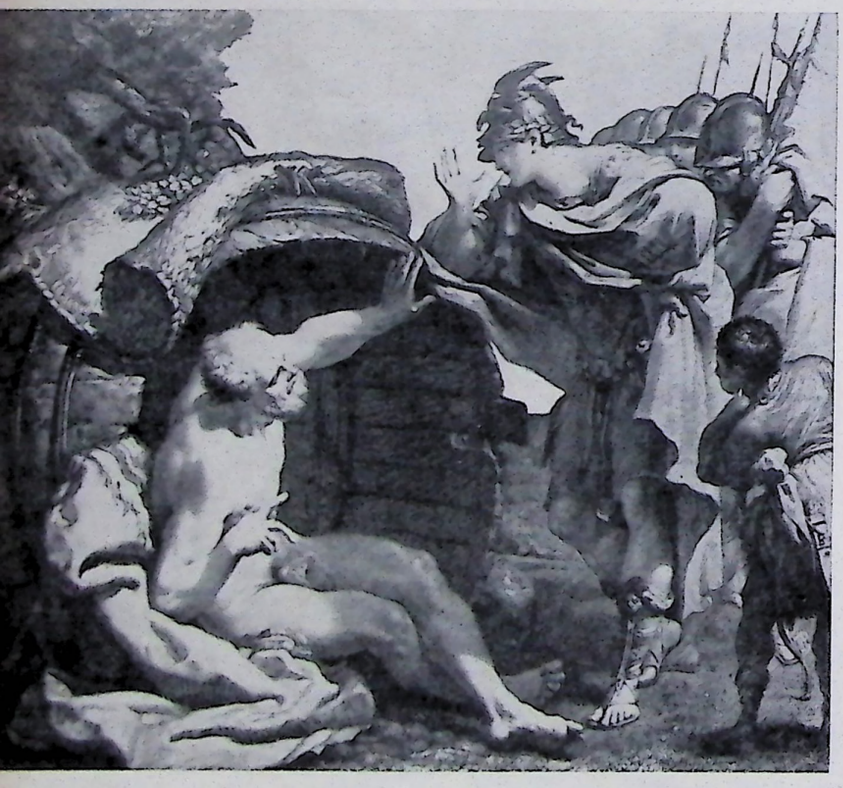
It was not because he behaved churlishly but because he lived so humbly that Diogenes was given the name of Dog. He rather liked the sobriquet. Once a newcomer asked him why everyone called him a dog. "Because," he answered, "I flatter those who give me something, bark at those who give me nothing and bite the wicked." At another time, while he was eating breakfast in the marketplace, some idlers gathered around him and shouted "dog" at him. "It is you who are dogs," he pointed out, "when you stand around and watch me eat." "But why do you eat in the streets?" they asked him. "I am seized with hunger there as well as in other places," he replied. At a banquet one evening some guests, who had drunk a great deal and were feeling rather gay, began throwing bones to him, as though he were a dog, whereupon Diogenes, who wasn't bothered much with inhibitions and liked to get into the spirit of things, behaved towards them as a dog would to a tree.

His need for money was so little that Diogenes rarely found it necessary to work. He was not one of those who dissipate their days in endless, enervating labor. What little money he did need he acquired by the simple expedient of asking for it. Mendicancy

was then in much better repute than it is today. He begged, but what a jolly beggar he was. He usually approached a prospect with these words, "If you have already given to someone else, give to me also; if not, begin with me." One time he asked a man, who was a spendthrift, for a mina ($24). "Why," said the man, "do you ask me for a mina, when you are satisfied with an obolus (four cents) from another?" "Because," said Diogenes, "other people will later give me something again but it is very doubtful whether you will be able to give a second time."

Once he requested a donation from a stingy man, who was slow in responding. "My friend," said the supplicant, "it's for food I'm asking, not for funeral expenses." On another occasion, he asked alms from a bad-tempered man, who said, "Yes, if you can persuade me." "If I could persuade you anything," retorted Diogenes, "I would persuade you to hang yourself." Upon being discovered one day begging money from a statue, he explained it was to get accustomed to being refused. When some friends commended a man for having given a generous gratuity to him, he asked them, "Do you have no praise for me, who was worthy to receive such great philanthropy?"

Being under no necessity to work, Diogenes had plenty of time to stroll through the streets and to engage his fellowmen in lively conversation. It was during these walks and talks that he made most of his famous remarks. Let us give here a few more of his bon mots. "Gold is pale," he once observed, "because there are so many thieves plotting against it." Upon being asked what kind of wine he liked best, he replied, "Another's."



A disagreeable person wonders whether he believes in God. "How can I help believing in God," he replies, "when I see such a God-forsaken wretch as you." To a young man who is too fond of perfuming his person, he gives this bit of advice, "Beware lest the sweet scent of your body cause an ill odor in your life." When everyone else ridicules a certain musician, who is big and burly, Diogenes alone praises him, "because, although he is so huge, he yet sings to the lute and does not become a thug."

Diogenes was always a critic but he was especially critical of certain classes of people. Literary commentators, for example, he censured severely for they went to great trouble to discover all the calamities that Ulysses had suffered but did not give the slightest heed to their own miseries. Astronomers he also censured, for they contemplated the stars but did not perceive the things under their feet. Orators likewise came in for a lambasting because they paid a great deal of attention to speaking well but very little to acting well. And those people who say admirable things but fail to do them, he compared to a harp, for a harp, like them, sounds well but has neither sense or spirit.

Diogenes himself, however, was not free from criticism. People sometimes liked to retaliate and find fault with this unusual man. But Diogenes always had an answer for any criticism – an answer which, if it did not explain the matter, at least amused the public. We have already noted his replies when he was reproached for living in poverty and for eating in the street. He made other equally apt rejoinders. Once a friend of his, who was also a confidant of several kings, called upon Diogenes and discovered him washing some herbs for his dinner. "Diogenes," chided the friend, "if you knew how to make yourself agreeable to kings, you would not have to give yourself the trouble of washing herbs." "And," replied Diogenes, "if you knew the pleasure there is in washing herbs, you would not give yourself the trouble to please kings."

Another friend took him to task for going into unclean places. Diogenes answered that the sun also visited unclean places, without being defiled. Someone else, not so friendly, taunted him with a certain crime he had committed in his youth. It seems that when a boy Diogenes had worked for his father, who was a banker, and had collaborated with him in some counterfeiting. This was the only dishonest thing that Diogenes ever did; it was also the only work he ever did, except for the tutoring of his slave days and for some sporadic writing and teaching. "That was at a time," Diogenes told his taunter, "when I was such a person as you are now; but such a person as I am now, you will never be."

Diogenes lived for 90 years, much to his and his country's delight. Even in his old age, he never lost his zest for life or his gift for repartee. "You are an old man," a friend said to him, "why don't you take a rest?" "What for?" he demanded, "if I were running a race, should I slacken my pace when approaching the goal? Should I not, rather, put on speed?" By one of those strange coincidences, which make history so interesting, Diogenes died on the same day that Alexander the Great did. Alexander, whose life was the exact opposite of that of Diogenes, departed the world after 33 years of hectic living. On the tomb of Diogenes there was erected a marble dog, with this inscription and prophecy: "Time makes even bronze grow old; but thy glory, Diogenes, as eternity will never destroy, since thou alone didst point out to mortals the lesson of self-sufficingness and the easiest path to life." ♦

The importance of being an Individual

by Harold W. Dodds

In the "Memoirs of Hadrian," the Emperor is made to say, "A part of every life, even a life meriting very little regard, is spent in searching out the reasons for its existence, its starting point and its source." If the Emperor was right, and I think he was, no man will find the answer except in himself as an individual; it is not a question which he can refer for decision to any external authority or group; no counsellor or priest can settle it for him. He will find the answer as to why he is here on earth, what he should be doing while he is here, and where he is going hereafter only within himself.

Nevertheless, however heavy may be the pressures urging you to conform here or elsewhere, if you have the makings of a genuine individual you will discover that no matter how hard you try to rationalize surrender to them, you will not succeed save at the loss of the greatest asset you possess, your self-respect. The divine urge to be an individual, the real man's resistance to being a rubber stamp even if being one pays off in short-term satisfactions, will keep cropping up to disturb your peace of mind. The reason lies very deep in human nature.

Of course, being an individual does not mean that one has no responsibilities to society, that one's obligation is only to his own self-indulgent happiness and well-being. Being an individual is the antithesis of every man for himself and the devil catch the hindmost. True, every human being has a life of his own to live and an individuality to preserve and nourish, but this does not support the philosophy of the elephant that chanted as he danced among the chickens, "each for himself and God for all of us."

Nor can one become an individual just by being "different." Some undertake to fulfill themselves by cultivating eccentricity; but unless they are authentic geniuses – not merely self-appointed ones – they are apt to wind up by being merely pathetic. To be an individual, one must not be afraid of being different, but difference for the sake of difference does not make a man.

When one starts to study the anatomy of individuality, the first thing that strikes one's attention is that not all conformity is bad; on the contrary, man must practice a large degree of conformity, else individuals would have no chance to develop at all. Our society would fly apart as a result of its own centrifugal forces did we not conform willingly to many prevailing social patterns and habits. For example, unless one is under the clearest compulsion of conscience to act otherwise, it is one's duty to observe the law of the land, particularly in a democracy in which the people make the laws and retain the power to change them by peaceful means.

Moreover, there is another vast field of conduct quite outside legal commandments and regulations, which involves what has been termed "obedience to the unenforceable." It refers to those broad essentials of personal behavior which no civil or penal laws reach, but which civilized people are bound to observe. Being a good neighbor, sensitive to your civic responsibilities, is one instance of the duty we owe to obey the unenforceable.

Good manners is another. I don't mean just the etiquette of the drawing room. Many a man practices good manners in the truest sense who knows little about how to handle a teacup or how he should arrange his knife and fork on his dinner plate. Fundamentally, good manners are the embodiment of one's moral respect and consideration for others.

The large-scale basis of life today, with all its difficult problems of mass opinion and mass organization, is really an opportunity for greater self-realization rather than less. No matter how much one may yearn sentimentally for a return to the simple life of the past, no man who has had access to a good education can today rationalize his failure to be a person on the grounds that the massive scale of life restricts the scope of the individual.

What we moderns must do is to think of self-development in terms of richer aspirations than preoccupation with the production of material goods and services. Surely we can standardize automobiles without standardizing the higher reaches of the mind. Surely the fact that many of us can own automobiles today, who would not have been able to support a horse and buggy 50 years ago should enable us to strengthen rather than force us to diminish our uniquely human qualities of personality.

The movement of western civilization has been marked by expanding freedom from the rule of rigid custom, ritual and status towards greater stress on the worth of the individual and a larger tolerance and respect for the man who deviates. Science with its curiosity to discern new knowledge, has made a profound contribution to freeing man's soul from bondage to caste and unchallenged tradition.

The long history of the idea of civil rights, the right to freedom of religion, freedom of opinion and freedom of speech, the philosophy underlying the Fifth Amendment, reveal successive steps towards realization of the worth of the human soul, one's own soul and the souls of others.

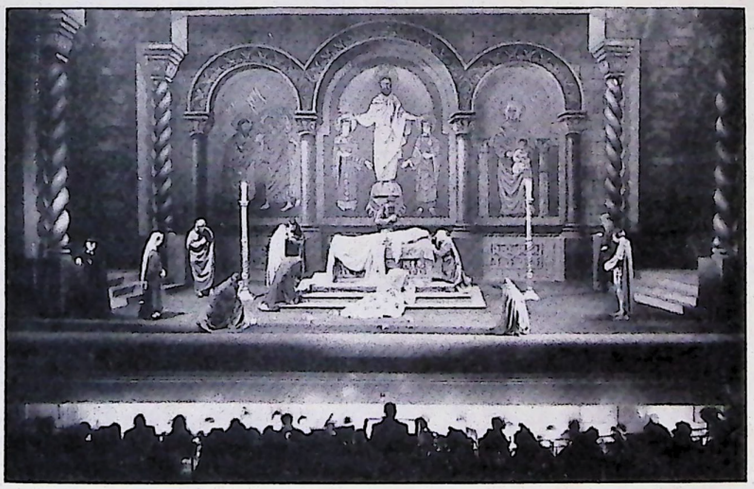
In all ages the easiest course has been to let one's environment mold him. It requires an energetic spirit and a strong will to express oneself under any circumstances. Thornton Wilder has written of the "loneliness that accompanies independence and the uneasiness that accompanies freedom." The danger today is not so much that the world will force you to conform, as it is that you will want to conform; that you will prefer not to be the master of your fate, the captain of your soul. As Mr. Justice Brandeis is said to have remarked, "The irresistible is often only that which is not resisted."

Life's toughest decisions are in this area. There is no mathematical formula by which you can settle the problem of what you will be and what you will stand for. It is a problem which everyone must solve for himself. How you decide relates to your sensitivity to human values, to your allegiance to those unique qualities of the spirit which mark mankind off from even the highest animals. ♦

Metropolitan Opera House

"Idomeneo"

HOW TO ENJOY OPERA



"The Love of Three Kings"

by Milton Cross

To enjoy anything, you must first understand it. As for opera, there are at least three main avenues to understanding even before you see a performance; reading the story, studying the libretto, hearing the music – either on records or in an instrumental transcription. Reading the story is really of first importance. It is the essential framework for the music, and no appreciation of an opera is complete if the story is confused and unclear to the listener.

At the outset, you should be warned that many opera plots are weak and illogical. Some are full of obscure symbolism, some wholly in the realm of legend, some – particularly those of the modern school – are as puzzling as a non-objective painting. But an opera must begin somewhere, and you will find, when you later listen to the music, that the composer has clothed the plot with meaning, excitement and drama.

Learning about opera need not stop with simply reading the stories themselves. In fact, the more you know about opera and its relation to other forms of culture the more you will enjoy it. Books that have been written about it cover every phase of the subject – there are biographies of composers, analyses of music, critical essays on individual operas, translations of lyrics and explanation of plots, stories by and about famous operatic personalities. This kind of reading will help you relate opera to its own time. To life, in other words. Know who the artist is, what he thinks and where he stands in relation to the world about him – and you know his work.

Probably the ideal way to study an actual opera before seeing it performed is to follow the musical score while listening either to a radio broadcast or to recordings. That, of course, presupposes a knowledge of music. If you live in one of the larger cities, it is likely that operatic scores and libretti are available at libraries, as well as recordings of operas and facilities for listening to them. Recordings and radio broadcasts make it possible for anyone interested in opera today to familiarize himself not only with the important choruses and arias of an opera but with the entire work. Moreover, with abridged versions of certain operas now being performed for television, it is possible to *see* a work as well.

If it happens that the score is too difficult for you to follow, then the most important requisite is the libretto. Admittedly, standard translations of operas do not always make particularly interesting reading, but at least they provide some idea of what the story is about. In the main, grand opera translations are stiff and stilted, for it is next to impossible to render into understandable vernacular the poetic, flowing phrases constructed primarily for singing. Operas of the *verismo* school – *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *La Boheme*, *Louise*, *Pagliacci* – come off better in translation because emotions and sentiments are more realistically expressed. Wagnerian translations are generally ponderous and highly involved, due to the difficulty of translating the complicated prose which the composer created to suit his dramatic requirements. The full effect

"Elektra"

"La Boheme"

"Idomeneo"

"Marriage of Figaro"

of Wagner's surging cadences and resounding alliterations can be appreciated only by those who understand German.

But in the absence of a detailed paraphrase of the lyrics of an opera, it will generally pay you to labor through a libretto in order to know what the plot is really about.

Familiarity with the lyrics will also help you to recognize and understand the lietmotif, or leading motive. This is a way of "spotting" a character musically, and is used extensively by such composers as Weber, Wagner and Bizet. Wagner is its chief exponent.

In many instances the enjoyment of opera can begin, not with the rise of the curtain, but with the first bars of the overture. Not every operatic overture, it is true, is written with a serious purpose. Early composers usually assumed that the audience would talk before the curtain went up, and they contented themselves with writing inconsequential music that merely served as a background for conversation. In writing *Salome* and *Elektra*, Richard Strauss eliminated the overture altogether, on the theory that the abrupt rise of the curtain would instantly capture the attention of the audience. It does – as you will learn when you see these operas.

Certain other composers, however, have designed their overtures to state the important themes of their operas and to establish the proper emotional mood. Thus the overtures to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die Meistersinger*, *The Bartered Bride*, or the Leonore overtures of *Fidelio* fully prepare the listener for what he is about to see and hear on the stage.

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

One of the important things about understanding and enjoying opera is the recognition of certain irreconcilable differences between it and the spoken drama. To these differences the opera-goer must learn to adjust himself. There is the view that opera is merely the stepchild of the arts – a sort of mongrel offspring of ballet, music and drama. Granted that it is not a pure art form, familiarity with it will soon lead you to realize that it is a highly complicated and specialized form of expression.

Opera rarely approaches the detached realism of drama. A play can be intellectual – in the manner of Shaw, Ibsen or T. S. Eliot, let us say – and still retain enough of an extrovert element, so to speak, to carry its subtleties over the footlights. But opera must remain emotional because music is emotional. No one in real life, for instance, would pause to express his feelings in the lengthy soliloquies which are sometimes the high point of operatic performances. Yet the magnificent soliloquies of Gerard in *Andrea Chenier*, or of Hans Sachs in *Die Meistersinger*, or of Iago in *Otello* do not seem long-winded or out of place. They are profound and to the point because the music frees emotional expression from the confines of mere speech.

If it seems to you that opera singers move in slow motion and with unnecessary formality of gesture, remember that they must synchronize with the orchestral accompaniment not only vocally but physically. When a performer sings a long phrase on a single word, his gestures must be timed accordingly. Correctly synchronized, the gestures will not seem awkward. Operatic acting is difficult, and only the most accomplished and versatile performers can make it convincing. Over and above all else is the singing, which imposes certain limitations on movement and gesture and makes strenuous physical demands on the performer.

When opera is viewed within the scope of its own possibilities and limitations, it becomes endlessly fascinating. It offers comedy, tragedy, pageantry and romance in a repertoire that is almost inexhaustible.

Richard Strauss' "Salome" created a storm of controversy upon its first presentation in 1905. Devotees of the opera denounced the work as "decadent." Since that time it has come to be appreciated for its wealth of sensuous music and subtlety of characterization. Metropolitan Opera star Lily Pons' portrayal of "Salome" is one of her most famous roles. Below she is seen in the Bell Song from "Lakmé."

Bizet's "Carmen" has been praised for its sustained characterizations and excellent musicianship. Much of the opera was painstakingly revised by Bizet—and the famous Toreador Song was written as an afterthought to cater to "plebian tastes." Below, Rise Stevens in the famous aria The Habanera.

Opera is unusual in its appeal to both old and young alike, and with its gods and goddesses, its kings and queens and clowns, has a special appeal for children. As the eminent basso, Ezio Pinza, once said: "Children are born with a subtle sense of fantasy. If one plays along with it, opera is just their meat." They approach opera with simple directness — a god is a god, a witch is a witch, a dragon is a dragon. They wisely leave to their elders any musical problems involving such characters.

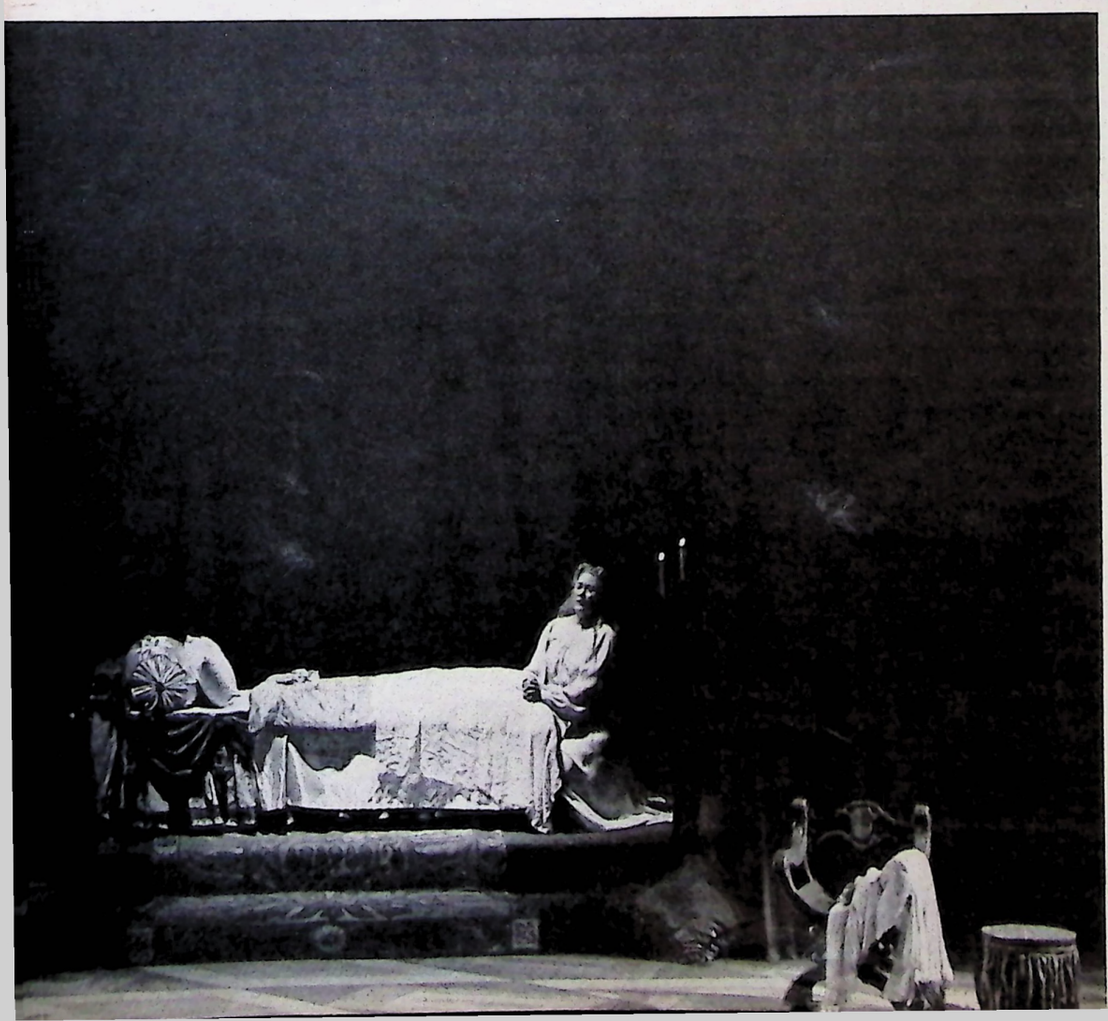
There are many kinds of operas, and no one who has developed any discrimination is going to like all of them — just as no one likes all of the novels he reads, the paintings he sees, or the lectures he hears. But the most certain route to wider appreciation of music and opera is surely through increased knowledge. To enjoy the true depth and beauty of opera, you must consciously develop your understanding of the form.

Before you listen to an opera — indeed, even before you read the libretto or the story in brief — it will be wise to find out when it was written and by whom. Knowing even a little about the period and the composer may give the opera itself deeper meaning and considerably enhance your appreciation.

Just as knowing the background of an opera will make it more interesting, so familiarity with the music will add to your enjoyment. Before you go to a performance or before listening to an opera broadcast, take time to listen to recordings of the music that are available. No one can catch all of the nuances of great music at first hearing, and even the person who is somewhat familiar with only the important arias has thus prepared himself for new pleasures when he hears the music in its complete operatic setting.

Sincere people are often puzzled and sometimes antagonized when they go to an opera and are bored or disappointed, simply because they haven't bothered first to acquire even a little knowledge about it. There is an unfortunate number of such people, and one is always tempted to remind them that the little

"Oberon"



Verdi's "Otello," fashioned from Shakespeare's great tragedy, is the story of the Moor, Otello, and his consuming love for his wife Desdemona. His jealousy finally leads him to murder her. Below, the villainous Iago (Robert Merrill) imparts his suspicions to a shocked Otello (Jussi Bjoerling).

effort it takes to understand the fundamentals of opera is a small price to pay for the pleasure they seek.

To enjoy any activity, you must know something about the forms and rules. The pleasures of great literature come only after a long and difficult apprenticeship in the art of reading. Appreciation of a painting presupposes some familiarity with that art form, though pictorial representation is so much a part of our daily lives that we often forget that taste in art is acquired.

Certainly all pleasure arising in the arts demands of the participant some background, some foundation in education. Opera, principally because it is a complicated art form difficult to produce, is somewhat more removed from common experience than other arts. But obstacles that may have interfered with wide public appreciation in the past have been greatly reduced in recent years by the perfection of techniques of television, radio broadcasting and recording. Today the difficulties that remain are easily surmounted by anyone interested enough to make the effort, and with constantly increasing opportunities to hear and see opera, the rewards are greater than ever before. ◆

George London as Wolfram in "Tannhauser"

. . . as Miracle in "Tales of Hoffman"

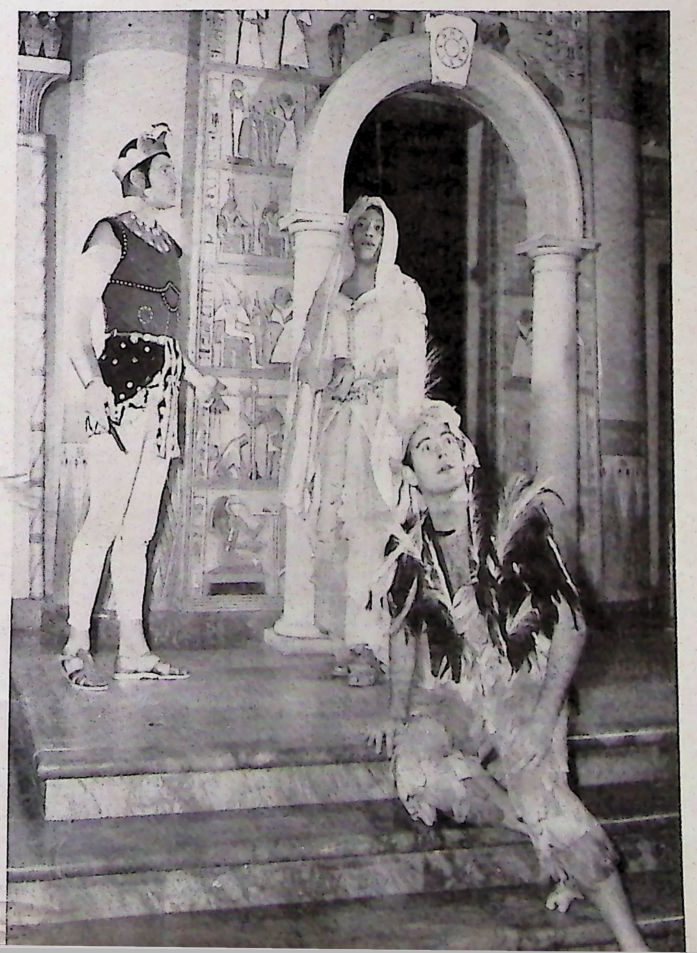
Rigorous training, a knowledge of languages as well as a sense of theater, and the ability to portray drama are requisites of the opera singer. He must have the versatility to interpret many roles and know the entire score for each.

. . . as Amonasro in "Aida"

. . . as Dapertutto in "Tales of Hoffman"

. . . as Coppelius in "Tales of Hoffman"

The medium of television has afforded an audience of millions the opportunity to view opera. Lavish sets and the finest opera stars, as well as color have added depth and dimension to the productions. "The Saint of Bleecker Street" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors" were especially written for this medium. Shown at right in a scene from the NBC production of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" are William Lewis, Leontyne Price and John Reardon.



Conversation with God

by Norman Vincent Peale

The rationalist will ask: "What do you mean when you say prayer? What is it?"

"Prayer," said Clement of Alexandria, "is conversation with God."

Can a mortal man or woman talk with God?

There are, of course, many definitions of prayer – but the best of them come down to an affirmation that man *can* talk with God, can take counsel with Him as the Heavenly Father, ask His Help, and be certain to receive it.

Is prayer a kind of magic by which God interrupts the complicated machinery of the universe, transcends His own laws, in order to grant some little mortal's petition?

This question, often raised by rationalists and realists, makes the whole concept of prayer seem silly to many logical minds. It is not true, however, that the reign of physical law is a bar, making answers to prayer logically impossible. Only a man who understands the physical law completely could make such a denial, and where is that man? No one has come anywhere near understanding the law; each year brings new scientific discoveries, often dispelling previous ideas held to be immutable. There are parts of that great process that are not dreamed of today but which one day will be known.

It is possible logically to believe that within the boundaries of physical law there are forces by which the will of God may bring

about the answer to a prayer without disturbing the harmonic order of the universe. The logician who denies this possibility has a tiny idea of the grandeur of the universe and would constrict it with his own small notions.

Nor is it impossible for the man of faith to believe that God, having made the law, may have made it flexible and responsive to His loving purposes. The man who prays comes inevitably to the conviction that with God all things are possible. By hours, days and years, his experience teaches him that in spite of all the challenges of logic, his prayers *are* answered, and often enough with miraculousness.

Who is to say what is miraculous? Who is to limit the law or the power of God? Nature's laws, as many have pointed out, are merely man's conclusions of how things seem to him to happen, day by day. All manifestations of that law are infinite in their source; how can our limited minds nail them down?

Prayer is not magic but law. It does not contravene the natural law but it is a part of it. And that, to be sure, is a mystery. And prayer is the blood stream of natural law. The spiritual laws of the universe are as ruthless and inevitable as those of physical law. They work whether we recognize and observe them or not, and herein lies the error of many bitter protests against apparent injustice. Even pagans, for example, know of retribution and compensation. Even medical science begins to know the need of confession and amendment and atonement. Wisdom surely lies in learning the spiritual laws and practicing them.

As Pierhal states it: ". . . although supernatural it is not anti-natural. It is a victory of spirit over matter. And if it appears out of the ordinary, it is because the ordinary does not know the power of the spirit, or believe in it."

The ridicule of logicians is to be endured in the light of their previous mistakes. Years ago, all sorts of smart people laughed uproariously at the statement of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy that matter did not exist; that it was an error of mortal mind. But only a few yesterdays ago, man split the atom and discovered, indeed, that there is no such thing as matter; that energy is all. Whether or not we agree with Mrs. Eddy's theology, we cannot deny that somehow, if only by accident or coincidence, she anticipated the most important scientific discovery of our age.

Bacon put it well when he said: " . . . a little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism, but on the other side, much natural philosophy and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion."

That phenomenon revives before our eyes today. We see one-track minds in the sciences declaring their atheism, as in Bacon's time. But we see the giants — Millikan, Jeans, Carrel, Du Nouy — giving from the altitude of their achievement, their witness to a moral purpose in the universe, a grand design and a Good Designer.

To that Designer one may go in prayer and trust to His goodness.

There have been countless attempts to define prayer, some in poetic terms, others precisely and scientifically.

"Perhaps the noblest motive that calls man to prayer," says Professor Ernest M. Ligon, "is the desire to learn more of God." One hesitates to disagree with so clear-seeing a psychologist, yet one must distrust even tentative superlatives. To know more about God is a high form of curiosity, of scientific inquiry, but it seems to miss the true purpose, which is not only the desire to know more of God, but to know Him more intimately, lovingly, obediently.

Prayer is not merely learning more about God, nor meditating about Him, nor even asking Him to help us in our hopes and fears — it is a way of visiting God and thinking things out *with* Him. Could any creature have a greater opportunity?

Prayer is also an inner union of the one who prays — a joining of the joy of the body, the serenity of the mind and the ecstasy of the spirit in one upturning to the Father in Heaven.

It is a renewal of spiritual strength, but it is also more than that; it is a renewal of mental and physical strength. Here again, at times, the communion with our Father in Heaven seems mystically to transcend the laws of nature as we presently know them. For in visiting God we come away with our moral courage redoubled, our fears quieted, our thoughts cleared, and we are conscious — most mysteriously so — of new energy and health.

Spiritually, it is a growth of faith and love and the power of forgiveness. A man may come out of it with the strength, in words of Christ, to cut off his hand or pluck out the offending eye if need be. For prayer is strength.

In all of its aspects, prayer is a certain source of mental peace. Unlike a drug which blots out care by knocking out the brain, prayer settles cares with the reassurance of a power outside of ourselves on which we can depend. Once appeal to that power and the answer rings in the heart like a church bell. The man on his knees knows that God is close to him. With that ineffable sense of love and security, doubt dies, terrors fly away, hatred is healed, inner hunger is fed, and a man rises and goes his way in peace.

The late Dr. Alexis Carrel gave a scientist's definition of prayer as follows:

"Prayer seems to be essentially a tension of the spirit towards the immaterial substratum of the world. In general, it consists in a complaint, a cry of anguish, a demand for succor. Sometimes it becomes a serene contemplation of the immanent and transcendent principle of all things. One can define it equally as an uplifting of the soul to God. As an act of love and adoration towards Him from Whom comes the wonder which is life. In fact, prayer represents the effort of man to communicate with an invisible being, creator of all that exists, supreme wisdom, strength, and beauty, father and saviour of each one of us . . .

"Just as with the sense of beauty and of love, it demands no book knowledge. The simple are conscious of God as naturally as of the warmth of the sun, or the perfume of a flower. But this God, so approachable by him who knows how to love, is hidden from him who knows only how to understand. Thought and word are at fault when it is a matter of describing this state. That is why prayer finds its highest expression in a soaring of love through the obscure night of the intelligence."

And he adds, later on, in his posthumous book called *Prayer:*

"Whether short or long, whether vocal or only mental, prayer should be like the conversation of a child with its father."

Unbelievers will try to disabuse your mind of your faith. Confront them with a miracle and they will tell you it is an accident, a coincidence; that whether you had prayed or not, what you call a miracle would have happened anyway. Such skeptics cannot possibly share your convictions, which grow by encouraging a new "miracle" day by day — those who pray and believe, live in "miracles."

This does not mean that prayer is an Aladdin lamp to be rubbed whenever we want an ice cream soda or a new yacht. It is not an "open sesame" to a cave of treasure in this world, nor a charm to be woven before we can get our wish. The fact is, we learn very soon that often we do not get what we ask for in our prayers. But this disappointment is not to be taken as an argument against prayer itself. In fact, it often is proof positive that God has heard us.

In some minds, prayer has come to be confused with some personal creative power within us, but this again is a short-sighted and mistaken view. In this notion, the thought or wish possesses a magical power of its own. One has only to concentrate, to see

(continued on page 78)

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WISDOM MAGAZINE 8800 Wilshire Boulevard / Beverly Hills, California

ALEXANDER POPE: Blessed is he who expects nothing for he shall never be disappointed.

* *

GEORGE PRENTICE: If you want a man to do fair work for you, let him have fair play.

* *

ROBERT QUILLEN: Character is made by what you stand for; reputation, by what you fall for.

* *

WILL ROGERS: What the country needs is dirtier fingernails and cleaner minds.

* *

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT: When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on.

* *

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: There is a period of life when we go backwards as we advance.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell.

* *

JONATHAN SWIFT: When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

* *

CHARLES TALLEYRAND: If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

* *

DAVID THOREAU: I have three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, three for company.

* *

MARK TWAIN: A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: The world is divided into two classes: those who believe the incredible, and those who do the improbable.

* *

WOODROW WILSON: He is more apt to contribute heat than light to a discussion.

* *

ALEXANDRE DUMAS: Business? It's quite simple; it's other people's money.

MARTIN LUTHER: Who loves not women, wine and song remains a fool his whole life long.

* *

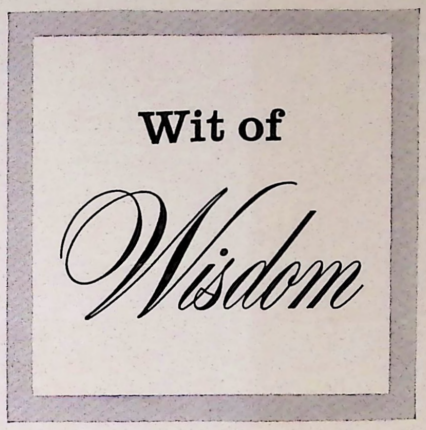
BARON DE MONTESQUIEU: When God endowed human beings with brains, He did not intend to guarantee them.

* *

ISRAEL ZANGWELL: The only true love is love at first sight; second sight dispels it.

* *

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: A man has his will, but woman has her way.

* *

JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY: When a couple of young people strongly devoted to each other commence to eat onions, it is safe to pronounce them engaged.

* *

BLAISE PASCAL: If all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world.

* *

PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE: Why don't you get a haircut; you look like a chrysanthemum.

* *

FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN: To me the charm of an encyclopedia is that it knows—and I needn't.

* *

WILLIAM CONGREVE: You are a woman: you must never speak what you think; your words must contradict your thoughts, but your actions may contradict your words.

AMBROSE PIERCE: The hardest tumble a man can make is to fall over his own bluff.

* *

RAYMOND MOLEY: He walks as if balancing the family tree on his nose.

* *

SUSAN ERTZ: Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

* *

ANATOLE FRANCE: If fifty million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.

* *

SHAKESPEARE (of Cleopatra): Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety. Other women cloy the appetites they feed, yet she makes hungry when most she satisfies.

* *

JOSEPH ADDISON: A moneylender serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.

* *

FRED ALLEN: A conference is a gathering of important people who singly can do nothing, but together can decide that nothing can be done.

* *

JANE AUSTEN: A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can.

* *

ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER: The ladies looked one another over with microscopic carelessness.

* *

HONORE DE BALZAC: Friendships last when each friend thinks he has a slight superiority over the other.

* *

ROBERT BURTON: Diogenes struck the father when the son swore.

* *

WINSTON CHURCHILL: In those days he was wiser than he is now; he used frequently to take my advice.

* *

JOHN BARRYMORE: My wife was too beautiful for words, but not for arguments.

Lester Horton Dancers

Mata and Hari

LANGUAGE OF THE DANCE

by José Limon

The Dance is all things to all men. Parents are delighted and amazed at the instinctive response of their infant to music. "Look, he's dancing." Children do not walk to school. They run, skip, hop, leap: they dance to school, or into the dining room, or up the stairs to bed. The adolescent is notorious for his nervous, jittery dances. And love's young dream: imagine our early romances without a waltz by moonlight! We discover the rapture and intoxication of love during the dance. And even maturity finds a new dimension to the weary business of existence during the sedate ritual of the ballroom: a suspension, a surcease, an inexplicable lifting of the spirit, when even the corns cease to hurt.

The dance is anatavism. It has been with us since we became humans, and no doubt even before that. It will be with us to the end. It is a human necessity, profound and not to be denied. Puritans have banned and proscribed it at various times as the work of the Devil, happily without success. I believe that we are never more truly and profoundly human than when we dance.

It is religion. In primitive societies it solemnizes birth, puberty, marriage, and death, the seasons, the sowing and the harvest, war

(Top) *Salome,* Carmen de Lavallade and Jack Dodds; (above) *Kathak,* Carmen de Lavallade and Sonia Shaw; (right) rehearsal; and (below) *Liberian Suite,* Henry Dunn and Norman Cornick. (Lester Horton Dancers)

and peace, and to this day in our Western world, young boys dance to the Virgin before the high altar in the Cathedral in Seville, and the Indians in Mexico and the Southwest dance their religion.

It is joy. I have seen sober, middle-aged people lose themselves utterly in congas and square dances. Young people would not be young without their dances, those rituals which celebrate the ineffable joy of being alive.

It is pleasure. Think only what musicals would be if you were to leave out the dances, and can you imagine a circus without the dances of the clowns and the acrobats? For certainly the buffoons are dancing. And what the performers on the trapezes and tight ropes do is a very exciting sort of dance.

It is art. Some of the most sublime and creative works of man in the twentieth century have been accomplished by dancers. It is an inspiring panorama, both in Europe, with the traditional dance, and here in this country with the so-called Modern Dance.

This latter aspect of the art of the dance, which is the one that I serve, has been referred to by various names, such as the "Serious Dance," the "Concert Dance," the "Creative Dance," etc. It has made some very great contributions to the art. It has influenced greatly the traditional dance. But I think that its greatest contribution lies in giving the dance to the individual.

It has broken with the great orthodoxy of the traditional Ballet, and given validity to personal expression. Since one human being differs from another, this has often led to painful results. But in the case of the disciplined artist, this liberation has given us, in this country, certainly, the most exalted art.

The Rock and the Spring
Lola Huth and Bruce Carlisle,
Julliard Dance Theater

Bella Lewitzky

The dancer is fortunate indeed, for he has for his instrument the most eloquent and miraculous of all instruments, the human body. My teacher, Doris Humphrey, when I first came to her studio as an unpromising but dedicated beginner, told us something I have never forgotten. She said, "The human body is the most powerfully expressive medium there is. It is quite possible to hide behind words, or to mask facial expression. It is conceivable that one can dissimulate and deceive with paints, clay, stone, print, sounds. But the body reveals. Movement and gesture are the oldest languages known to man. They are still the most revealing. When you move you stand revealed for what you are."

This great power of expression is ours from the day we are born to the hour of our death. With most human beings it remains largely unconscious. We dancers use this faculty consciously. But it is subjected to long and arduous discipline. The body must be made strong and supple. It is subjected to the exercises of the traditional Ballet and the modern dance techniques to train it in balance, control, elevation, speed, coordination, and exactitude of execution. But to me the most fascinating part of our craft lies in a great search.

We explore the possibilities and potentialities for movement inherent in every part of the body. I like to compare it to the symphony orchestra, with its tremendous range and variety of sound, from the robust and percussive to the delicate and subtle. I like to devise exercises and studies which focus on a certain part of the anatomy. This section is isolated, so to speak, and made to move in as many conceivable ways as possible, so that one may become aware of its complete range and capacity, in the same manner that a musical composer must know what each instrument in the orchestra can do.

There are exercises, first and foremost, for that great source of movement, the breath center. Then there are others for the shoulders, the ribs, pelvis, knees, feet, elbows, hands, and the head. Each of the regions of the body possesses its own special qualities of movement, and has great possibilities.

José Greco

Sergi Kirov

Take the head. Leave aside such important means of expression as the eyes and the mouth. The head, from the perpendicular, can be made to hang forward on the chest, or fall backwards as far as the cords of the neck will permit. It can rest sidewise on either shoulder. It can describe a complete circumference, touching the four points just mentioned. Beginning with these simple and rudimentary directions one can devise such complex and endless variations to the movement of the head that, given creativeness and imagination, entire dances can be based on these. The head can be an erect proud symbol, or droop abjectly, or roll in drunken ecstasy and abandonment. It is capable of great pendular convolutions, or infinitely contained, minute gestures. Within its orbit it can move in tilted diagonals, tangents and obliques, which give it a great expressive range.

The chest can be made empty, to fall inwards and downwards to an utter inversion, a defeat. It can rise with the breath, like a plant growing up and out from the pelvis, and there be suspended, noble and affirmative and aspiring. It can extend beyond this to attitudes of pride and arrogance, and overextend further to the comic, the pompous, the absurd. This region of the chest is the fecund source of movement, and its range is limited only by one's inventiveness and imagination.

The shoulder closes forward, and opens backward, and can be lifted or lowered, and made to rotate to describe a full circle. This part of the "orchestra" is capable of small and delicate movement. It can describe with subtlety and nuance.

The area of the ribs can expand and contract, giving the torso great flexibility and fluidity. The ability to bend, to fall away from the balance and poise of the perpendicular into the excitement of the unbalance, the oblique, the wild Dionysian regions, is centered in this part of the body.

The pelvis has a great potency. When it is held in centered discipline it polarizes the body into a powerful and beautiful column, in perfect harmony with the earth's gravity, serene and Apollonian. From this axis, the pelvis can thrust forward, pull backwards, move from side to side, and describe a complete circumference, and in so doing generate a labyrinth of movement and gesture which can make the body into a graceful object of poetry and lyricism, or break it into crude and violent shapes, discordant and brutal.

In the dramatic language of the dance the use of the knees offers a great paradox. They can project the body into the air, and propel it through space. When locked into a stretched tautness, they raise and suspend the body where it seems to float and deny the pull of gravity. On the other hand, by bending they lower the body to the earth, to a surrender and a death. The inward rotations of the knees create primitive or grotesque attitudes. The outward manipulations lend elegance and expansiveness. The use of the knee-level in the Modern Dance has opened a remarkable new territory. I have seen some stunning passages executed on the knees in the works of Martha Graham and Charles Weidman.

Our contact with the earth with and through the foot gives this part of the dancer a special significance. It is the "radix," and like the roots of plants, it gives the dancer the substance and sustenance of the earth. The use of the foot reveals the entire philosophy of the dance. Surely there is no greater contrast than that between the dance on the points, which seems to etherealize completely the human form, and the use of the barefoot in the contemporary dance.

The first came into being through the poetic imagination of the Romantic period, when the dancer was not human, but a supernatural creature borne by the zephyrs. The bare foot came to us through the great rebel, Isadora Duncan. It is a very expressive part of our instrument, supple and beautiful in itself, capable of many more things than being brought to an elegant point.

It can be, in the right hands, so to speak, almost as eloquent

Tamara Toumanova and Serge Perrault

Siamese Court Dancers

South India Dance
Shanta Rao

An Azuma Kabuki artist

and expressive as those hands themselves. When emphasis is placed on the heel of the foot a strength and robustness is attained. It can articulate, twist, roll, rotate. It can speak with tenderness or violence. It has grown to be symbolic of the revolt against the academic dance.

Duncan, in her search for a new language for the dance of our time, discarded not only the corsets but the slippers. Her successors in post-World War I Germany and the United States followed in her bare footsteps. In a stricken and turbulent century they created a new language of the dance which could say something about the present world and its tragic realities. The use of the foot in its naked and unfettered beauty was as necessary to the new dance as was the toe-slipper to that of a less disillusioned, less harassed age.

The elbow can articulate in the same fashion as the knee, with the exception that it cannot project the body into the air. It can, however, play an important part in supporting it when the dancer uses the floor level, in falls. This flexible joint gives the arms a rich, flowing quality. The stretching of the joint gives the arm an extended power. The acute bend, with the resultant angularity, opens an entire region of expression, very much related to the cubistic in painting and the dissonant in music. The inward rotations of the flexed or rounded elbow create an inverted, minor tonality in movement, while the opposite, or outward manipulations suggest an open, major one.

One of the most eloquent of the voices of the body is the hand. It is its function to give completion to movement and gesture. The hand is the seal upon the deed. A powerful gesture with the body cannot fully convince unless the hand is in accord with it, nor can a subtle, restrained one be completely so without having the hand in full consonance. The hand can be said to breathe like the lungs. It expands and contracts. It can project movements seemingly to infinity, or gather them back to their source within the body. It is a mouthpiece, a moderator. It has a brilliant range, capable of complexities and subtleties unequalled by other regions of the dancer's "orchestra." It is the abettor of all that the dancer intends. It is unthinkable, a dance without hands.

These are the rich resources of the body. These are the voices. They must be disciplined and developed so that they can speak with truth and power. This necessitates the study of the quality of movement. A single gesture can be phrased in different ways: smoothly, sharply, slowly, rapidly. It can be performed in its entirety, or broken into its component parts.

The basic and all-important principle is never forgotten, that movement, in order to have power and eloquence and beauty must spring from the organic center of the body. It must have its source and impulse from the breathing of the lungs and the beating of the heart. It must be intensely and completely human, or it will be gymnastics, and be mechanical and empty.

It is this quality, this inflection in the movement that creates that magic in the theater which dance alone can create. Complete mastery of the nuance and color in gesture and movement is the goal toward which the dancer works continually, for this command is what gives his utterance import and validity.

This highly trained, responsible instrument we dedicate to a single idea: that the dance is a serious, adult art, every bit as serious and adult as serious music, painting, literature, and poetry. The oldest of the arts need not exist only as entertainment. It has a great tradition to uphold and by which to be guided and inspired. The American Dance has an imposing gallery of the illustrious.

The entire artistic life of the West has felt the impact of Isadora Duncan, the Inceptor. Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn pioneered the Wilderness, and took the magic of the dance to the remotest

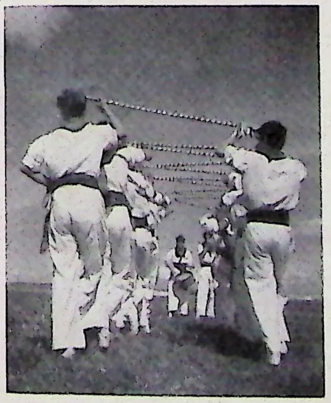
Yugoslavian *Lado*
N. R. Hrvatska Troupe

Horsetail Dance
Taos Indians

Highland Sword Dance
Queen Elizabeth's Scots Guard

The Flamenco

Dance in Santander



Spanish Ballet
Antonio

corners of the earth. Their organization was the womb which brought forth Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and Charles Weidman. The accomplishments of these children of Denishawn rank with the highest in the cultural story of America. Each has made Art and Civilization in his own very special way. Graham the dark flame, the personifier, the dithyrambic. Humphrey the symphonist, the molder, author of mighty works. Weidman the inspired clown, the Harlequin from the prairie.

These artists have given us something priceless. They have restored the dance to its ancient function, and proven to the modern world that it can reveal, instruct and ennoble. It can exalt. It can ritualize the great tragedies and ecstasies of man. It is in its power and province to reaffirm the dignity of man in an age that desperately needs this affirmation.

Never have the arts been so much needed, nor so challenged, as in these times of mechanized bestiality, when the human species seems possessed by a suicidal frenzy. Surely the Dance can remind us of the greatness of man's spirit, and of his creativeness, not his destructiveness.

The Dance is many things. It is a Power. It can help stem the putrefaction and decay gnawing at the heart of human courage, and withstand the philosophies of doom and surrender. The dancer can use his voice to call for reason out of unreason, and order out of disorder. That has always been the high task of the artist. The great Goethe, as death engulfed him, cried "Light, more light." The contemporary artist can do no less than to dedicate the power of his spirit and the flame of his art to bring light to the dark places. ◆

José Limon

Life of the Bee
Doris Humphrey

Burmese Parasol Dance
Ruth St. Denis

Modern dance designates a concept of dance rather than an academy. It is termed "primitive" not as archaic or underdeveloped but to imply "firstness." Experimentation in this expressional form was first made by Isadora Duncan who turned to ancient Greece for inspiration and by Ruth St. Denis whose source material came from the ritual dances of the Orient.

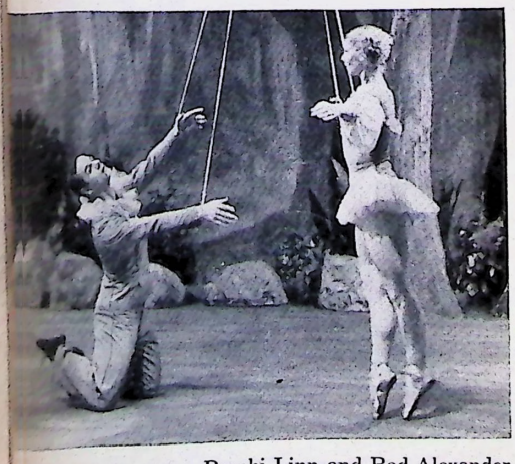
Following in this tradition were Ted Shawn, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and others. They adapted expressional forms to theatrical needs ranging from abstract dance through dramatic forms to the entertainment requirements of musical comedy. As yet not as popular in the theater as ballet, modern dance has, in pure form, triumphed within the framework of musical comedy.

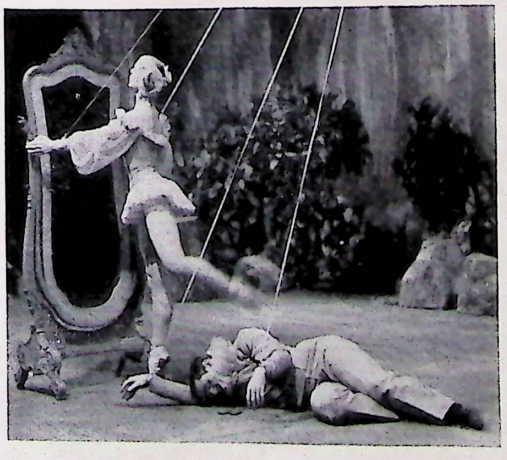
Jean Léon Destiné

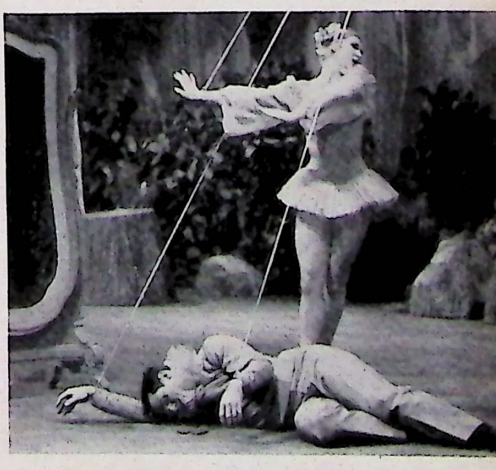
Mata and Hari

Liselotte Koste and Jockel Stahl

Prado de Pena
Carmen de Lavallade and Norman Cornick,
Lester Horton Dancers







Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander

Anything, God, but hate:
I have known it in my day,
And the best it does is scar your soul
And eat your heart away.
Man must know more than hate,
As the years go rolling on;
For the stars survive and the spring survives,
Only man denies the dawn.
God, if I have but one prayer
Before the cloud-wrapped end,
I'm sick of hate and the waste it makes.
Let me be my brother's friend.

—ANONYMOUS

The Hater!

by David M. Levy, M. D.

Intolerant people are people who hate, and the degree of their intolerance is a measure of their hate. When a person is characteristically intolerant, he belongs to the group of the psychologically hostile. The most distinctive finding among this group is a stultification of the personality.

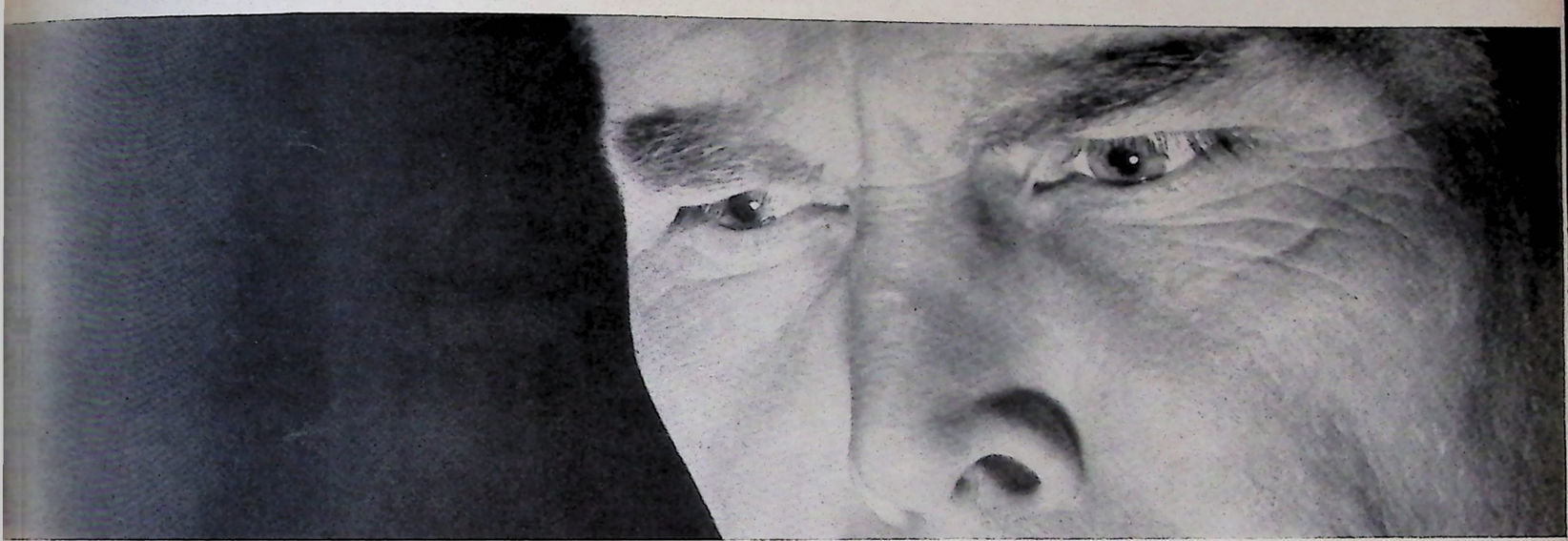
In a widely used personality test such individuals, for whom hatred is so vital a function, are found to be characterized by a marked narrowing of thought, feelings and imagination.

The generalization applies equally well to the haters who have repressed their hate and to those who express it directly, in words or action.

Many avenues of experience are closed off to the haters. As the Swiss pastor Oscar Pfister put it, "Hate is inimical to life." The hater tends to divert all experiences into a channel of hate. He has less awareness of what is going on.

The intellectual functions are narrowed because they become so specialized. They are employed in building up accusations, in constantly proving the presence of the enemy, in interpreting his every act or expression into further grounds for hostility, into a stubborn self-defense and justification. The logical faculties are employed in creating a special dialectic of hate.

Feelings of human sympathy, kindliness, geniality, become warped. The receptive and creative functions in human relationships suffer. Suspicion replaces acceptance. For the eye of hostility, as it focuses more and more into social activity, finally sees only danger and destruction.



Ideas become stereotyped. The accusations and justifications are labored. It is as though the haters, however they elaborate the phrase, are saying the same thing over and over again. There are great differences in intelligence among the haters, as among other groups. But the differences are not of essentials. They are seen chiefly in the cleverness of the phrase, in the accumulation of details, in the intricacies of plots and suspicions.

The suspicious, attacking attitudes are associated with alertness and restlessness. The hostile eye must be forever open. Too many dangers are abroad. The haters who express their hostility openly are tireless individuals. Their organic energies are mobilized by their hate. The normal friendly person whose hate is episodic or limited to particular individuals is, by comparison, phlegmatic.

The active haters are alert, restless, industrious. The phrase "consumed by hate" may be literally true. For some individuals, as psychiatrists are well aware, pay the price of their hate in physical distress and illness.

Of the dynamics of hate, most important is the anxiety that engenders it. Anxiety is its core. The anxiety is the troublemaker of the personality. It may be a universal rule that hostile acts or thoughts carry in their wake the fear of reprisals, of retaliation, and a feeling of guilt. The latter amounts to a fear of punishment for the sin of hating.

The anxiety that leads to hostile attitudes thereby creates further anxiety. The feeling of guilt is very disturbing. It must be constantly modified. The hater, disturbed by his conscience, must prove to himself that his hate is justified according to *evidence.*

One process of justifying this hate consists of magnifying the evil aspects of the object of hate. Starting with simple exaggeration he may expand the process into fantastic dimensions, depending on the severity of his illness. Since his hate is disproportionate to the object, he must fit the object to his feeling. He must keep fabricating something for his hate to feed on. Otherwise he is unable to justify his hate, and his anxiety increases.

A second process has to do with the minutiae of hate. It consists in finding proof of evil in every little detail, in misrepresenting every aspect of the hated object. Justification of hostile attitudes by exaggeration and distortion are common enough in everyday life. The difference between the hater and the normal person is originally one of degree. The hater employs the same methods at first, only more frequently and more intensively.

The hater is motivated also by fears of retaliation, by fear of the revengeful attitude which, he assumes, his hate inspires in the enemy. The justification of his hostility acts like a two-edged sword. By magnifying the enemy he magnifies the power of retaliation. The object of hate thus becomes more hateful, more powerful and more dangerous. The hater is preoccupied in creating Frankenstein's monsters.

That may be the explanation for a certain type of hater, whose anxiety is allayed only in the process of attacking – as though he felt that if he ever stops, the enemy would be upon him. He becomes enslaved by his own destructive impulses. ♦

THEIR LAST WORDS

JANE ADDAMS *(asked by the doctor if she would like some water)* Always. Always water for me.

AGIS *(King of Sparta, sentenced to death)* Weep not, friend, for me, who dies innocent, by the lawless act of wicked men. My condition is much better than theirs.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *(poet)* I am seeing things that you know nothing of.

MARIE ANTOINETTE *(Having stepped by accident on the executioner's foot)* Monsieur, I beg your pardon.

HONORE DE BALZAC *(written)* I can no longer read or write.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING *(asked, "How do you feel?")* Beautiful!

ENRICO CARUSO Doro, I can't get my breath.

ROBERT CHAMBERS *(publisher and author)* Quite comfortable—quite happy—nothing more!

CHARLES DICKENS *(as his sister-in-law tried to get him to the sofa)* On the ground.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS *(asked if he had any word for his sons)* Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States.

JOHN LOVEJOY ELLIOTT The only things I have found worth living for, and working for, and dying for, are love and friendship.

SOLOMON FOOT *(Senator from Vermont)* What, can this be death? Is it come already?...I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open! beautiful! beautiful!

JOSEPH HAYDN Cheer up, children, I'm all right.

WILLIAM HAZLITT I have had a happy life.

HENRY JAMES So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!

IMMANUEL KANT It is enough.

MAHOMET O Allah! be it so!

HORACE MANN *(to his wife)* Sing to me, if you have the heart.

RICHARD MANSFIELD God is love.

THOMAS PAINE *(the doctor remarked,* "Your belly diminishes") And yours augments.

LOUIS PASTEUR *(offered a cup of milk)* I cannot.

ANNA PAVLOVA Get my "Swan" costume ready.

VINCENT VAN GOGH Now I want to go home.

(continued from page 63)

Conversation with God

in the mind's eye the image of the desired thing, to "visualize" one's wish and by and by it comes into reality. Theorists like Ralph Waldo Trine and his imitators have been spreading these ideas for more than half-a-century. True or false — and this is not the place to argue the assumption — such practices cannot be compared with prayer, which asks a blessing on the thought, asks that the desired thing be not granted unless it be found in accord with divine purpose — and rejects all will power that would go against the will of God as blasphemous. Thought is indeed the beginning of all reality but it is not a prayer — not until it is laid before God to be cleared. It is a tawdry notion to compare attempts at the practice of thought magic with the holy office of prayer. Thoughts *are* indeed most potent in the universe and we have access to that potency. We can share in the life of God — our body is His Temple, and His Spirit is within us. That great trust is shown to us to use it with, and not against, His will and pattern. Here lies true humility as the strong know gentleness and the wise know patience.

Someone has well said that prayer is a method of spiritual hygiene, but prayer is also action. In a sense, all a man's actions are prayers; his whole life is a prayer for good or evil. To do one's duty and do it cheerfully, co-operatively, is to offer up a prayer, for how can we come closer to God than to do as He would have us do?

"Thy will be done on earth."

Let us pray our good prayers to our good Father in Heaven — and help in the great cause of making a heaven out of the hell on earth in which we find ourselves. Men's sins made the hell, men's prayers can make it God's Kingdom come to earth.

The man who finds himself bedeviled by scientific doubts should take a scientific attitude, which is a truly experimental one, and try it for himself. If all other things are submitted to the laboratory, why not prayer? Make your own test in your own way. Go to God with humility enough to give Him a chance. And play the game fairly. Try it, and learn for yourself that there is a power within you if you enjoy the friendship of God; a power that never fails. How can anyone deny this, if he has never tried it out? ◆

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Marcus Aurelius

Marcus Aurelius (121-180 A.D.) was one of the most inspiring thinkers of world history. He was an emperor, yet his primary ambition was to make a permanent contribution to philosophy. His lofty spirit is revealed in his Meditations which are just as vital today as they were in Roman times.

The works of God are full of providence; the works of Fortune are not independent of Nature, but intertwisted and intertwined with those directed by providence. Thence flow all things. Co-factors, too, are necessity and the common welfare of the whole universe whereof thou art part. Now whatever arises from the nature of the whole, and tends to its well-being, is good also for every part of that nature.

Let it be thy hourly care to do stoutly what thy hand findeth to do, as becomes a man with carefulness, unaffected dignity, humanity, freedom and justice. Free thyself from the obsession of all other thoughts; for free thyself thou wilt, if thou but perform every action as though it were the last of thy life, without light-mindedness, without serving through force of passion from the dictates of reason, without hypocrisy, without self-love, without chafing at destiny.

Thou seest how few things are needful for man to live a happy and godlike life: for, if he observe these, heaven will demand no more.

Why suffer the incidence of things external to distract thee? Make for thyself leisure to learn something new of good, and cease this endless round. And here beware lest the wheel only reverse its motion. For fools, too, are they who have worn out their lives in action, yet never set before themselves a goal to which they could direct every impulse – nay, every thought.

Let me ever be mindful what is the nature of the universe, and what my own; how the latter is related to the former, and what part it is of what whole. And forget not that there is none that can forbid thee to be ever, in deed and word, in harmony with the nature whereof thou art part.

Trouble not thyself by pondering life in its entirety. Strive not to comprehend in one view the nature and number of the burdens that, belike, will fall to thy share. Rather, as each occasion arises in the present put this question to thyself: "Where lies the unbearable, unendurable part of this task?" Confession will put thee to the blush! Next recall to mind that neither past nor future can weigh thee down, only the present. And the present will shrink to littleness if thou but set it apart, assign it its boundaries and then ask thy mind if it avail not to bear even this! . . .

God views the minds of all men in their nakedness, stripped of the casings and husks and impurities of the material. For, solely in virtue of the intellectual part of Himself, He touches directly the human intellect that emanates from Him and has flowed into these bodies of ours. So train thou thyself to do likewise, and thou shalt be quit of this sore distraction of thine. For he who has no eyes for our fleshly covering surely will not trouble himself with the contemplation of a man's house, raiment, fame or aught else of these outer trappings and stage decorations!

I have often marvelled how it is that everyone loves himself more than the rest of human kind, yet values his own opinion of himself less than that of others. At all events, were some god or some sage to stand by a man and bid him entertain no idea, no thought, within himself without simultaneously uttering it aloud, he could not abide the ordeal for a single day. So true it is that we have more respect for our neighbors and their thoughts of us than we have for ourselves!

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it.

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BOOKS FOR WISDOM

FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

THE FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE

by Orville Prescott

Orville Prescott, one of our most noted critics and book reviewers, has written an impressive literary autobiography. He tells about his early childhood in Cleveland and his education at Williams college as well as his experiences as a researcher for *Newsweek* and a critic for the *New York Times*. Prescott believes that the critic should educate the public so that a genuine appreciation of honor, self-respect and individual responsibility can be achieved. Criticism, to Prescott, consists of information and highly personal opinions. Both elements are eloquently discussed in *The Five-Dollar Gold Piece. Random House, $3.50*

AT HOME IN INDIA

by Cynthia Bowles

Cynthia Bowles writes about India with warmth and compassion. The daughter of a former ambassador, she saw both the upper classes and the common people of that nation. She worked in a hospital, she attended a university, and she lived in the squalor of an Indian village. Always, she found an unexpected beauty, even amidst economic deprivation. To quote her directly: "Hunger is ugly. Illiteracy and ignorance are ugly. Perhaps it was because I, an outsider, had never had to experience their ugliness, and because I knew that people were working hard to erase the ugliness, that I could see beauty in the village." *Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.00*

RELIGIOUS FACTORS IN MENTAL HEALTH

by Wayne E. Oates

The problem of mental health is of concern to all those who are interested in human relations. Dr. Oates has a prolific background in clinical psychology and he shows how religion can help the mentally ill. He points to the importance of close co-operation between ministers and psychiatrists, and his book demonstrates that the integrative approach is the most adequate when we deal with the problems of mental illness. *Association Press, $3.50*

THE CITADEL OF LEARNING

by James Bryant Conant

In this new book, Dr. Conant, who is the U.S. Ambassador to Germany, exhibits his talents as a popularizer of educational problems. In a sense, this book is a sequel to *Education in a Divided World* and again he pleads for a more concentrated emphasis upon scientific training. Conant compares the American and the European school systems and he is hopeful that the American system of public education will provide the arsenal of knowledge so necessary for survival in the atomic age. He is conscious of the challenge of Soviet education, but feels that education can prosper only in an atmosphere of freedom. *Yale University Press, $2.00*

THE BALKANS IN OUR TIME

by Robert Lee Wolff

This is a fascinating book of one of the world's most explosive areas by a scholarly Harvard professor. It is designed both for laymen and for the experts. In his study of Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania, Wolff deals with the past as a prelude to the controversial issues of the present. The reader gains an excellent knowledge of the governments of the Balkan area, which eventually may rebel against their Russian overlords. *Harvard University Press, $8.00*

THE MYSTERIOUS NORTH

by Pierre Berton

Pierre Berton is a reporter of note and in *The Mysterious North* he has used his journalistic skill and his understanding of people to give us an excellent portrait of the Canadian North. We meet all types of people, from Eskimos, to Indians, from gold-hungry prospectors to trappers who live far away from civilization. This is a colorful book which has all the elements of fiction, and yet it is completely accurate and factual. *Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $5.00*

RED, BLACK, BLOND AND OLIVE

by Edmund Wilson

Edmund Wilson is generally regarded as one of our most skillful literary critics. As book review editor of the New Yorker, he has had a great impact upon the American literary scene. In his latest work he describes four separate civilizations: The Zuni Indians, the Haitians, Soviet Russia as he saw it in 1935, and Palestine. His description of Palestine is especially well done and he regards it as one of the most hopeful areas for the future of mankind. *Oxford University Press, $6.75*

HELEN KELLER: SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT

by Van Wyck Brooks

Helen Keller is one of the most fascinating personalities of our time. Her life is an eloquent symbol of man's ability to overcome paralyzing handicaps. How she triumphed is told with deep understanding by Van Wyck Brooks who has profound admiration for her. We first see her as a child with no apparent purpose in life and then as a mature woman of culture who has inspired thousands with a renewed faith in life. *E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., $3.00*

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF NERO

by Carlo Maria Franzero

In this well-documented book the period of Nero emerges in all its terror and somber splendor. Franzero is a well-known Italian journalist and historian who has spent many years doing research for this book. The reader learns to understand the character of Nero and begins to appreciate the dilemmas and paradoxes of imperial Rome. Franzero shows that strangely enough the memory of Nero became dear to the Romans—"for such are the vagaries of human nature." *Philosophical Library, $4.75*

WORLD WITHOUT BARRIERS

by Emanuel R. Posnack

This is a book designed for all those who are interested in the problems of U.S. foreign policy. Mr. Posnack writes for the general reader, and simplifies the complex problems which face the U.S. in the atomic age. He reveals an excellent grasp of the economic issues of our time. The general tone of the book is hopeful and Posnack is certain of the eventual victory of the forces of freedom. *William Morrow & Co., $5.00*

AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION

by Fred M. Hechinger

Fred M. Hechinger, the education editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* has written a book which should attract a wide number of readers. In a period when the role of the public schools is being re-examined, he has given an objective account of the findings of Connecticut's Commission on Education. Generally, he supports the tendencies of modern education and feels that the public school is the bastion of democratic liberty. He believes that "mass education, because of its universality, has a new and unequaled chance to spot the real elite, to discover talent and further it where it can be found." *The Macmillan Co., $3.75*

BRIEF AUTHORITY

by Edwin F. Stanton

This is a challenging account of the experiences in many lands by a devoted public servant. Stanton started his career in 1921 as an interpreter for the American Legation in Peking and he ended his active service as American Ambassador to Thailand. He writes as a skillful diplomat who is interested not so much in protocol as in the way people act and live in distant places. He appreciates the accomplishments of other civilizations and his approach is that of the eager learner who believes in co-operation as the basis of international understanding. *Harper & Bros., $4.00*

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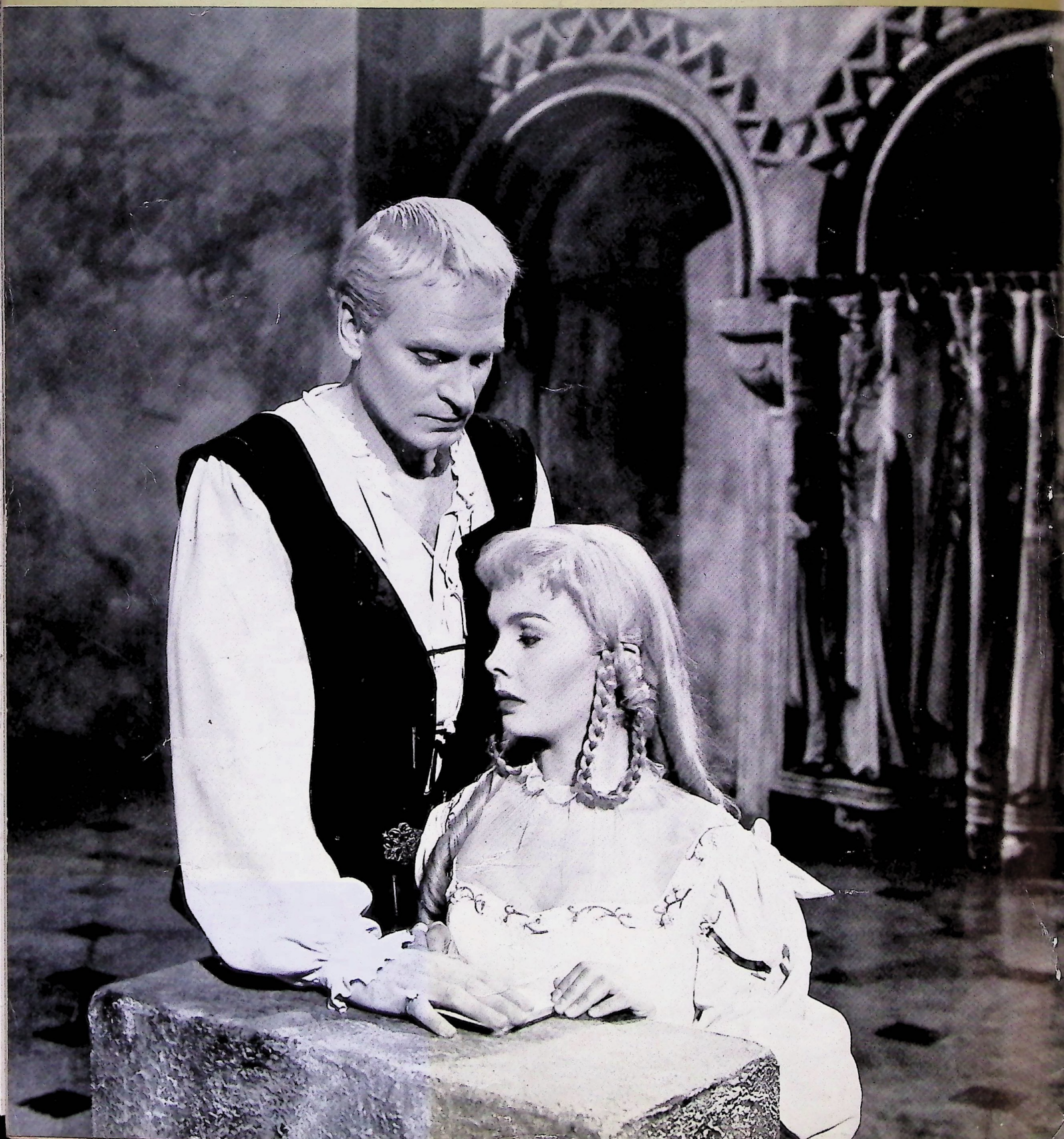
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